

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 21, No. 25

Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors  
Offices: 28 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 4, 1908

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum [in advance], \$2.

Whole No. 1061

Archives Branch  
14 July 1988

## THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN talking politics with a friend of mine the other day he made an interesting remark. "In thirteen years," said he, "I have made three visits to England and each time found a different government in office. In 1894 I found the Rosebery Government in power; in 1899 it was the Salisbury Government, and in 1907 the present Campbell-Bannerman Government." Then he added: "Judging from the way the by-elections have been going for the past year or so it is evident that the British people are making ready for another change."

In Canada we do not know how to oust a government once it barricades itself in office. Sir John Macdonald carried and held the Dominion for eighteen years, and his party only lost office when its usefulness had been entirely exhausted. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will no doubt carry the country again when he goes to the polls, so that he will have held the fort for his party for eighteen years, like Sir John—and, apparently, he will leave his party at the end of that time quite as exhausted and discredited as were the Conservatives of 1896. In Ontario Sir Oliver Mowat and his political heirs held office for thirty-two years, and the party so out-stayed its usefulness that it was practically annihilated in the end. Mr. Whitney, after four years in office, will appeal to the people this summer, and nobody is foolish enough to imagine that there is a ghost of a chance of his defeat.

As governments go in this country his leadership may be good for the next quarter of a century in Ontario.

What's the matter with us in Canada? How is it that the country is owned lock, stock and barrel by the government of the day? Is it not partly due to the unfair way in which the game is played? Public opinion does not resent, as it should, snide tricks played by the party in office—such as the gerrymandering of constituencies, the bribing of districts by the promise of public expenditure, the punishing of other districts by a neglect of their necessities, the dangling before individuals everywhere of all sorts of prizes which are to be awarded for party service—the springing of general elections at such moments as will find only the friends of the ministry ready for the fray.

The want of more frequent ups-and-downs in the fortunes of our political parties has a bad effect on our politics. It is not necessary for a Premier who has a life-lease of office to concern himself about the ability of his lieutenants. Nor does a leader in Opposition feel constrained to call able men to his aid when he sees in his job nothing to do but hang around for years until a Premier dies and a ministry decays through the processes of nature.

Whatever people in this country may think, there is, perhaps, not a politician at Ottawa on either side of the House who has entertained the notion at any time since Sir Charles Tupper's optimism was crushed in 1900, that there is any chance of a change of government so long as Sir Wilfrid Laurier lives. This deep-seated conviction tends towards inefficient government, for the zeal of the administration may relax, while members of the Opposition sink all other considerations in the desire for longevity. No more pathetic spectacle may be seen anywhere than in the House at Ottawa—an Opposition whose foremost men belong to a past epoch and who feel no call to make way for warriors possessed of energy, but sit and wait as the years go by for this ministry to live out its span and pass away.

Our governments are all public-spirited at first. New men introduce new ideas. It was so at Ottawa after 1896 and it has been so in Ontario since Mr. Whitney took hold. Such progress is made at the hands of governments during the first three or four years of their existence, and so little progress is made during their subsequent history, that one wonders why the people do not learn the lesson that the only way to handle political parties for the country's good is to keep them guessing—keep them see-sawing, in office while they are afire with zeal and out again the moment their flame cools. Under such a plan both parties would be forced to seek the best ability they could find in order to do well and deserve well.

A party in Opposition would attract men to it. As it is now men in Opposition hold a sort of night-watchman's or caretaker's job, with little to do but wake-up and look busy should anything sensational happen. To work a reform we seem to need a percentage of people in every constituency who will have no other politics at any time except a robust belief in a change of government.

THOSE who take an interest in politics are completely at a loss to understand how so cautious a statesman as Sir Wilfrid Laurier happened to create a Commission of Enquiry into the state of the civil service which would bring in a report so damaging to two of his ministers, or to two departments of his administration, as that which was tabled last week. It was a most unusual report for a Commission to bring in, charging, as it did in the bluntest kind of language, that incompetence, extravagance and worse flourish in the Department of Marine

and Fisheries and in the Department of Militia. Over one of these departments presides Hon. L. P. Brodeur, and over the other Sir Frederick Borden. The report of the Commission censures both departments unsparingly, and on the spur of the moment when speaking in the House, Sir Wilfrid admitted that the affair could not rest where it is but that a full and regular investigation of the charges must be made. He could promise no less, but the question politicians are asking is whether the Civil Service Commission sprung on the Premier a horrid surprise, or did it do the duty expected of it in shaking loose from their seats in the Cabinet two ministers no longer desired there. Some are of the opinion that Sir Wilfrid is altogether too clever and too careful to turn loose on his colleagues a trio of investigators who would spring a surprise on him when they handed in their report; so they argue that he knew what was going to happen and planned it in order to reconstruct his cabinet. It is not easy to accept this view, for it suggests too roundabout a way of getting to a given point. It is simpler to suppose that Sir Wilfrid, instead of using all his tortuous cunning, was really unaware that conditions were as bad as they are represented to be, and had no reason to expect that a Commission appointed in an off-hand manner to draft an academic report on civil service reform would take itself seriously and be brutally frank in exposing conditions as they exist. There was nothing within our political experience to warn a Premier

to make public life impossible to men of generous mould. Sir Wilfrid has parted with quite a few lieutenants in his time. Sir Louis Davies, Sir William Mulock, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the late A. G. Blair and the late J. Israel Tarte stepped out, also Mr. Sifton, Mr. Hyman and Mr. Emerson, and others. There have been frequent comings and goings. But the Premier has stuck to Sir Frederick Borden. Nobody knows why and nobody ventures a plausible guess. Sir Fred never was a source of strength to the administration in the opinion of any one person I ever met. Mr. Brodeur looked like a good man when he was Speaker, but he does not appear to have been a fortunate choice as head of a department that had already acquired spendthrift habits. Sir Wilfrid has also stuck to his early friends, Hon. R. W. Scott and Sir Richard Cartwright—fine old men both, but past their activities. No doubt these men can bring as much wisdom to the council board as any, which would be all right were wisdom used in governing a country. But governments do not rule by wisdom, but as they must. Of what use then is ripe judgment in a group of advisers if all the facts laid before them are carefully sorted—if they are dependent on others for their information about men and affairs, opinions, prejudices and the state of the weather outdoors? Altogether one seeks in vain for the clue that would explain why Sir Wilfrid has let some of the men leave who have left him, while keeping some of the men he has kept by him.

opposed it except those interested in the C.P.R. and the G.T.R. Yet that opposition proved sufficient, and in the end the Booth line was purchased by the Grand Trunk at a price said to have been \$13,500,000. In order to throw light on the system of railway encouragement practiced in Canada some member of Parliament might properly enquire for a return showing how much of this property which was sold by Mr. Booth for over thirteen million dollars was created by himself, and how much of it was made up of Dominion, provincial and municipal grants and free right of way. He seems to have cleared up several million dollars profit on the capital he invested. It is not always that subsidies to a railway can be traced so directly into a man's private purse.

When the Laurier Government was new the Intercolonial was extended to Montreal, and the clear intention at that time was to carry it on to the Georgian Bay. But zeal abated. Hon. George P. Graham is a new minister in an old ministry and he should not distrust his own desire to do things; unless new zeal be imparted to an old ministry it dies, and deserves to. He should not too readily accept arguments against extension of the I.C.R. to the great lakes, for there is every reason to believe that if he does not carry out that extension the next new-broom administration will do it. The next new Government—and only new Governments do things—will not only carry out that extension but will absorb the feeding lines of the I.C.R., connect with the Ontario-owned railway to the north, and make of the system one in which, not the Maritime Provinces alone, but all Canada will have an interest.

THREE young Englishmen, newly arrived in the country, and residing in Brockville, had heard much about sugar-making and decided to have some experience of their own, so they headed for the woods one afternoon last week. They found a sugar-bush and drank sap from the troughs. Then they decided to take some sap home with them and boil it down, and filled a bucket which they took with them. But the farmer who owned the place "had been annoyed so much of late in this respect that he was on the watch." He notified the police, who arrested the three Englishmen, and next morning they were brought before a magistrate, two of them paying fines of \$5.50 and the third, having no money, was sent to jail for twenty-one days.

Will any citizen of Toronto, who spent his youth in town or village, and never entered a farmer's bush to drink sap and "sugar off," kindly hold up his hand? Of course it was a very wrong thing to do, and we all look back on such acts with a grief which it would be harrowing to describe in these columns, but yet, having done it and gone

unwhipt of justice, many will feel that the young Englishman in the Brockville jail has got a little more than was fairly coming to him, while many others have got a great deal less. It seems unfortunate that a stranger should have been so harshly dealt with for entering into one of the amusements of the native-born. A reprimand, accompanied by a warning to more accomplished sugar bush raiders, might have met the ends of justice. The sending of a young man to jail for three weeks is about the surest way of ruining him that the folly of man has yet discovered.

A LETTER has come to hand representing the views of a number of Canadians in New York asking that SATURDAY NIGHT continue to urge on the people of Canada the wisdom of excluding from this country the inflow of Japanese, Chinese and Hindus. The letter is not published, as it lengthily repeats arguments already familiar to our readers. But one good point is advanced when we are reminded that no matter how great may be the present difficulty in fencing these people out the difficulties will never grow less through lapse of time and a policy of indecision, with Asiatics all the time gaining a footing on our soil.

JAMES CONNELL, M.P., having said in a speech that he did not think it right to speak of the Doukhobors as immoral, "because they have different views and ideas of religion which they regard as being right," Hester Hope, who conducts a woman's department in the Fort William Times-Journal, gets after Mr. Connell. The Doukhobor colony in Fort William is exciting much local indignation. "Were this colony," says the writer in the Times-Journal, "situated in a house before Mr. Connell's home in Port Arthur, and were he forced to pass daily in front of the curtainless windows, and, what is far worse, to see little children, young girls and women passing—well, I think he would alter his opinion, and that right speedily." Indoors, these Doukhobors live in a state of nudity, and it is to be feared that when the warm weather comes they will not remain indoors. Should one man conduct himself as these people do there would be no hesitation about taking proceedings to have him locked up as a lunatic, but when a score of people so act and profess to be guided by religious convictions, we hold back and take no steps against them. These people should be placed in



THE ARGONAUT FOUR WHICH WILL PROBABLY GO TO ENGLAND THIS SUMMER

that he need fear any Commission of his own appointment. It is well known, however, that Mr. Courtney is an earnest advocate of civil service reform, and no doubt he felt, as perhaps did Mr. Fysche, and any other friends of the movement with whom they may have come in touch, that a sweet little report packed with suggestions for the future would be pigeon-holed and forgotten, while a blunt exposure of present conditions would cause a sensation and insure reform. These men were asked for a report; very well, it would be such a report as would be heard across Canada.

FOR a number of years the department of Marine and Fisheries has been spending money with a loud splash and a fine disdain for public opinion. It was the reckless department—the jovial and spendthrift branch of the administration—even in Sir John Macdonald's time, and since then it never behaved for long, except to experience those occasional periods of remorse which are so necessary in building up the tissues for the next grand splurge. Under Sir William Mulock the Postal Department was so managed as to give the whole administration a reputation. Mr. Fielding, too, has handled finance with great wisdom, although he has handled the tariff with much timidity. The late Mr. Blair undertook to make the management of the Intercolonial one of the boasts of the Government, but he had to contend with the railway interests and local influences in the East which did not want the I.C.R. too well managed. The glad, human side of the administration has revealed itself in the department of Marine. There has been free spending, gorgeous furnishing, elaborate catering, and a score of economy that does credit to the best traditions of the joyous rulers of old France. Silver tea services have been used on St. Lawrence dredges, and champagne suppers served in the Arctic waste where long ago Sir John Franklin died. When our expeditions have gone forth in ships the denizens of the deep sea have been astonished at much that was thrown overboard. There have been high jinks on the high seas and the Keniputie beaus and belles of the frozen north have gazed goggle-eyed at exhibits of our civilization. It is pretty tough to have to explain free-handed expenditures to a lot of sticks in Parliament who come of a shop-keeping breed, who have no sympathy with love of royal splendor and no conception of true hospitality. There is abroad in the land a pestiferous inquisitiveness about items, which bids fair

to strike one as curious that our ablest statesmen seem willing enough to go on the bench while our ablest lawyers decline such appointments. Surely it cannot mean what it seems to mean, that our statesmen are, after all, lesser men than our leading lawyers, and glad to get as prizes judgeships which the others would not accept? It does not necessarily mean that. In common fairness one must bear in mind that the lawyer who has spent years in politics—who has been in Parliament and perhaps in the cabinet—has seen life from a special view-point and can never be the same man again. He has sought popular applause, lived for it; he has talked of serving the people and has rendered more or less real service; he has acquired a cast of mind; he has adopted a code of values in which account is taken of something other than income. He has become a public personage. Moreover, in politics he has endured considerable misrepresentation; perhaps he has been pursued unfairly with abuse, until he longs for the peace, dignity and guaranteed security of a seat on the bench where he can prove himself to be the man he feels that he is. As a judge he will bathe and bask in respectability until not a smell of politics will attach to him. Once he enters the gates of this city of refuge his past is left behind him, and no man mentions it. It is a gratifying change from politics to the bench. The politician is the only man among us who may be slandered with the utmost impunity. A judge is the only man among us at whose true character not even a hint may be spoken.

REFERENCE having been made in a preceding paragraph to the effort put forth at one time by the late Hon. A. G. Blair to run the Intercolonial as a real railway, it may be added that we owe to that spasm of enterprise the fact that the I.C.R., which formerly had its western terminus in a pasture field, has now got connections with other lines at Montreal. But Mr. Blair was called off before carrying out his plan of connecting the I.C.R. with lake navigation on the Georgian Bay. The I.C.R., although less a toy road, and less a merely political road than it had been, was prevented from becoming a real factor in the transportation problem of Canada. A few years ago nearly every Liberal paper in Canada was preparing public opinion for the extension of the I.C.R. to Ottawa and along the Booth line to Parry Sound and Depot Harbor. It was the logical thing to do, and nobody

confinement. If they are not insane, they will answer the purpose quite as well as if they were. The law forbidding men and women to expose themselves in their nakedness is one which the people of this country are not prepared to repeal, either in favor of individuals or sects. Morality and climatic conditions call for such a law, and any person who cannot be trusted to wear clothes should be promptly confined to some space where it will not matter to anybody what his views on the subject are. These people cannot be converted by sending them tracts; perhaps we cannot convert them by placing them in tolerant but secure confinement, yet we could in that way relieve ourselves of the reproach of dealing more gently with imported than native-born lunatics.

Such is the reaction against commercialism and the yearning for the simple life, that unless the Doukhobors are firmly dealt with, they may begin to attract converts. What life could be more simple than that which they aspire to live? They want to travel south to a country where they will not need to wear clothes, where they will not need to work, but may, when hungry, reach up and pluck fruit from the trees—where they will not need to build houses, but may sleep in the open. They would not even bury their dead, although their excuse for this is not a confessed reluctance to do the necessary digging. They have a gentle consideration for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and to these they would feed the deceased relatives. What a fond dream of ease and simplicity! They seek to live even more simply than do the Eskimos in their houses of snow, who engage in no barter—who, when their homes melt know it is time to move, and when the ice forms know it is time to burrow again in a snowbank in some fashionable neighborhood where seal-skin sacques will be largely worn. Their life-duty is but to eat and sleep. The simple life as practised by the Eskimos and dreamt of by the Doukhobors is all too alluring, and the authorities should not allow agents of either crowd to go about seeking converts.

LLAN STUDHOLME, M.P., the Labor member from Hamilton in the Ontario Legislature, expresses the hope that, should he be elected again, he may have one or two independent men to back him up. A few members owing no allegiance to either political party should prove useful in the Legislature. At least, they could prove useful, but somehow they seldom do. As a rule the Labor members, or the Patrons of Industry, or the Equal Righters, fail to fulfil the expectations of their friends and accomplish little that outsiders imagine could readily be done. Perhaps the secret of it is that the representatives of "the third party" are jolted out of all their serious purposes and hopes of achieving results. In the end they are usually absorbed by one of the old parties. Mr. Studholme has not handled himself in such a way as to fire the country with a desire to send a dozen like him to the next Legislature. In saying this, no reference is made to his views or his point of view, but to his purposeless garrulity—as if mere words, millions of 'em, would by their quantity accomplish something. A member of the Legislature representing and speaking for the wage-earner, taking that point of view on all occasions, should find a useful work to do. He should be a man much in earnest and always on the spot. There is no reason at all why he should feel called upon to go after the long distance talking championship, and weary the House until every member of it—no matter how well disposed towards the cause he represents—feels that he is an affliction.

It is said of Mr. Studholme that he is a quite sensible man to talk while he is sitting down, and that it is only when he stands up to make a speech that he forgets time, place, reason, everything, and just talks without aim or end. The same thing in a milder form has been observed in other men. If there is any truth in what is said of Mr. Studholme in this regard, it might be well to suspend the rules of the House and permit him to sit while speaking. It is worth trying, anyway.

A FEW days ago I received a letter from an English journalist who visited Canada last year in which he said that a plan was now afoot in London with a view to inviting a number of leading Canadian journalists to visit England during the coming summer, but that the scheme was not yet ripe and fuller particulars would be sent in due course. The Canadian Gazette in the latest issue to hand discusses the project:

So much advantage has flowed from the visits to Canada last year of three sets of British journalists, the guests of the Dominion and Ontario Governments and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy respectively, that a return visit of Canadian journalists to the British Isles would admittedly be most desirable. With this end in view, an influential committee of newspaper proprietors has been formed here. Lord Burnham, the veteran journalist who is now proprietor of the London Daily Telegraph, is president, and among other members of the committee are Lord Northcliffe, better known to the whole world as Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of Daily Mail fame; Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, proprietor of The Standard and other London and provincial journals, and would-be manager also of the London Times; Sir George Newnes, M.P., proprietor of The Westminster Gazette and The Strand Magazine; Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode, the well-known printer, who is also part proprietor of The Sphere and other journals, and other influential men. No difficulty has been found in securing the co-operation of the leading London and provincial editors, and it now remains for the committee to go into the details of the proposed visit.

In the case of the British journalists' visit to Canada, it was made essential that the visitors should be either the editors or leading writers on the staffs of the journals they represented. Everybody who knows anything of newspapers knows how many hangers-on there are always waiting for the chance of a free trip. It would be useless for Canadian journalism to send men of this type to England. What the committee desires is that leading Englishmen, from the King downwards, should have the opportunity of entertaining and getting into intimate touch with the men who really matter in the Canadian journalism of to-day, and it would be disastrous if a delegation to whom the best in England are prepared to extend a typical national welcome should fail to be fully representative of the highest ideals in Canadian journalism. It would be invidious at this stage to mention names, but it is obvious that no Canadian journalists' visit to England could be a success unless it included most, if not all of, say, the twenty men who as editors or writers occupy the front rank in the journalism of Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, Winnipeg, Halifax, St. John, Vancouver, and Victoria.

A committee of the Canadian Press Association was appointed last year, to arrange if possible for a press excursion to Great Britain, the party to leave next month, but the understanding was that the trip should not be

made unless the leading newspaper men of the various provinces could join the party. Owing to the provincial elections and the uncertainty as to whether the Dominion elections would take place this year, and perhaps, owing partly to the slump in business, promises to join the party could not be secured from a sufficiently representative number of men, and the trip was abandoned. But the desire to make the trip will result sooner or later in its being made—whether the present movement in London brings it about or not.

#### Is Christian Science a Delusion?

*Editor Saturday Night:* With your customary fairness to all classes of the community, you will doubtless gladly afford the Christian Scientists an opportunity to explain why their religion is not the delusion that it was characterized in your columns recently.

From the needless affront which such a statement constitutes to a large and growing class in this city—many of whom, including the writer, doubtless read and subscribe for your progressive journal—the day has gone by (in most places) when critics undertake to dispose in such a manner of the good works which are daily being accomplished through Christian Science in this and every community where it is practised—works which are so publicly accomplished and attested that all who choose may easily inform themselves as to their genuineness, and works which are so manifestly good and elevating both upon the individual and the community, that it is difficult to see how any thoughtful person can longer class Christian Science as a delusion.

With no desire to provoke contention, who, it may be asked in the name of all that is rational, ought to know best whether Christian Science is a delusion—the critic who has investigated it, perhaps superficially (if at all), or those persons who, having suffered for many years from wasting and painful diseases, only to be told at last that their disease was incurable, have been finally healed through Christian Science? Is it any wonder that the blind man whose sight was restored by Jesus near the pool of Siloam, could not be convinced by his neighbors that he was suffering from a delusion? Who should know best whether he was healed or not, this man who had been born blind, or his critics who scoffed at his healing? To all such criticisms, a multitude of grateful persons make answer to-day in the words of this man: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Is that to be classed as a delusion which is daily restoring to health hundreds who have been condemned to death by *materia medica*, which is daily redeeming men from vice and sin of every nature, which confers hope on the hopeless and peace on the troubled, which promotes harmony in the home and morality in the community? That these results are being daily accomplished through Christian Science in this city as elsewhere, can be easily verified by all who care to acquaint themselves with the facts—and if the fruits of a movement are the sufficient vindication for its existence and claim to public attention, then Christian Science must be far indeed from being a delusion.

Thanking you for the space in which to present these views, I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

J. M. JACKSON.

OUT in British Columbia the newspapers grow urbane, and, further, even visionary. And it is interesting to hear such voices where not so long ago all voices were hoarse and muttered only of gold and copper and such things. For example, this from the Vancouver Province: "So, in the streets of Vancouver to-day, Buddha and Mahomet and Confucius still move along the sidewalks. Locking at the miscellaneous crowd, with here and there its turbans and pigtales, our vision passes beyond these to the dim temples of India, and to the long night's meditation under the Bo tree. We hear not only the clang of street car gongs, but the strange bells of the pagodas of T'si and Lu. The prosaic shops and pavements dissolve into an expanse of sand, over which is the glow of the Arabian sun, and where there are Arabs on camels, with their faces toward Mecca. Musing further, we are led upward to the contemplation of that Divine Figure who has been the ideal and exemplar of the centuries, and who gave us the pattern of a human life after which the world, with many a fall, still vainly struggles."

GODFREY LANGLOIS, speaking at the Montreal Reform Club dinner on Saturday last, said that the Reform party in Quebec was not carrying out in office the pledge given at the time of the elections, to make education a chief feature of its policy. He reminded his hearers that there are over four thousand female teachers in the province of Quebec who do not receive more than \$122 per annum, or \$10 per month—less than is paid to a domestic servant. In Ontario, he said, \$400 is the minimum paid to any teacher. In Quebec there are no less than fourteen different kinds of grammars in use, eight geographies, eight arithmetics, and eight histories of Canada. The public school system in that province seems to be badly in need of modernizing.

**Fireman's life** ..... \$2,200  
Brakeman's arm ..... 250  
Brakeman's life ..... 1,500  
Laborer's life ..... 2,500

These are some values put on human life and limb, according to three settlements and a judgment in the High Court to-day. It was settlement day by companies at Os-gode Hall.—Toronto Telegram.

MANY of the young Conservatives who have had their names mentioned in the newspapers as possible candidates for the Legislature should not forget that one day this week was All Fools' Day.

#### IN IRELAND

By JAMES P. HAVERON

THERE'S little gould in Ireland,  
But it is more to me  
Than all that's hid in mountains  
Or sunk beneath the sea.

They're humble folk in Ireland,  
But they are more to me  
Than all the lords an' ladies  
Ye'll find across the sea.

There's one wee lass in Ireland,  
An' she is more to me  
Than all the gould an' all the girls  
That ever I did see.

#### WEN DE SUGAR TAM WAS COM

WERE ees somting on de hair dat for long tam ees not dere,  
Since dis tam anudder year dat's so many monts ago;  
Maself 'ave feel de breathin' de sout win on de h'air,  
An de sun ees gettin' warmer, an ees meltin' h'off de snow.

De squirrel jump aroun as eef ees 'ear de soun  
Of great rejoicin' dat de winter's on de bum;  
De broken twig ees weepin' an a droppin' h'all aroun,  
An from dose ting ahm knowin' dat de sugar tam be com.

Ah lov de plantin' tam an ah lov de 'arvess too,  
De mowin' an de reapin' an de bildin' of de stack;  
Most all dat farmin' beezees ah've been trough,  
But none dose tam compare wen de sugar tam com back.

Now for work we h'all ees beezye an roun wese rushin' queek,  
An hustlin' h'out de bucket, spile an bilin' pan,  
An prepare dem for de washin' on de creek,  
An ees lookin' lak some beezees was began.

Sap sucker now be rappin' an de man ees also tappin',  
De smoke ees clamb among de h'upper limb;  
De cedar steek ees snappin' an de 'emlock ee ees crackin',  
An 'ow de smoke an cinder ees go flyin' on de chim.

De sap ees store for bilin' all trough de starlit night;  
H'on de bunk ahs feel so cosey as ah'm lyin' on de shack;

Wid pork an h'oniion fryin' h'on de fire glowin' bright.

Ba jingo! ah'n't ah 'appy dat dis bestest tam com back.

De fox ees bark h'on 'illside, de coon ees call h'on tree,  
De noisy h'owl dats near us ees mak de scarey hoot;

An wese fear de prowlin' bear because ees now be free,

De wolf ees mak som 'owlings an de deer an rabbit scoot.

Bot de sugar ees es makin' an de mornings com again,  
Makin' always work in plenteet hot deres plenteet of molass;

An de sap ees keep h'on droppin' an a drippin' lak de rain,

An wese wishin' dat de season will be longer dan de las.

Wese always feelin' 'appy aroun de sugar camp,  
Lak de bluejay as ees flitten trough de branch;

Spouse ah was h'own de contre as far as ah could tramp,

Ah'd wish h'all de tree be maple h'on wan beeg sugar ranch.

W. H. MORDEN.

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confinement. If they are not insane, they will answer the purpose quite as well as if they were. The law forbidding men and women to expose themselves in their nakedness is one which the people of this country are not prepared to repeal, either in favor of individuals or sects. Morality and climatic conditions call for such a law, and any person who cannot be trusted to wear clothes should be promptly confined to some space where it will not matter to anybody what his views on the subject are. These people cannot be converted by sending them tracts; perhaps we cannot convert them by placing them in tolerant but secure confinement, yet we could in that way relieve ourselves of the reproach of dealing more gently with imported than native-born lunatics.

Such is the reaction against commercialism and the yearning for the simple life, that unless the Doukhobors are firmly dealt with, they may begin to attract converts. What life could be more simple than that which they aspire to live? They want to travel south to a country where they will not need to wear clothes, where they will not need to work, but may, when hungry, reach up and pluck fruit from the trees—where they will not need to build houses, but may sleep in the open. They would not even bury their dead, although their excuse for this is not a confessed reluctance to do the necessary digging. They have a gentle consideration for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and to these they would feed the deceased relatives. What a fond dream of ease and simplicity! They seek to live even more simply than do the Eskimos in their houses of snow, who engage in no barter—who, when their homes melt know it is time to move, and when the ice forms know it is time to burrow again in a snowbank in some fashionable neighborhood where seal-skin sacques will be largely worn. Their life-duty is but to eat and sleep. The simple life as practised by the Eskimos and dreamt of by the Doukhobors is all too alluring, and the authorities should not allow agents of either crowd to go about seeking converts.

ALAN STUDHOLME, M.P., the Labor member from Hamilton in the Ontario Legislature, expresses the hope that, should he be elected again, he may have one or two independent men to back him up. A few members owing no allegiance to either political party should prove useful in the Legislature. At least, they could prove useful, but somehow they seldom do. As a rule the Labor members, or the Patrons of Industry, or the Equal Righters, fail to fulfil the expectations of their friends and accomplish little that outsiders imagine could readily be done. Perhaps the secret of it is that the representatives of "the third party" are jolted out of all their serious purposes and hopes of achieving results. In the end they are usually absorbed by one of the old parties. Mr. Studholme has not handled himself in such a way as to fire the country with a desire to send a dozen like him to the next Legislature. In saying this, no reference is made to his views or his point of view, but to his purposeless garrulity—as if mere words, millions of 'em, would by their quantity accomplish something. A member of the Legislature representing and speaking for the wage-earner, taking that point of view on all occasions, should find a useful work to do. He should be a man much in earnest and always on the spot. There is no reason at all why he should feel called upon to go after the long distance talking championship, and weary the House until every member of it—no matter how well disposed towards the cause he represents—feels that he is an affliction.

It is said of Mr. Studholme that he is a quite sensible man to talk to while he is sitting down, and that it is only when he stands up to make a speech that he forgets time, place, reason, everything, and just talks without aim or end. The same thing in a milder form has been observed in other men. If there is any truth in what is said of Mr. Studholme in this regard, it might be well to suspend the rules of the House and permit him to sit while speaking. It is worth trying, anyway.

A FEW days ago I received a letter from an English journalist who visited Canada last year in which he said that a plan was now afoot in London with a view to inviting a number of leading Canadian journalists to visit England during the coming summer, but that the scheme was not yet ripe and fuller particulars would be sent in due course. The Canadian Gazette in the latest issue to hand discusses the project:

So much advantage has flowed from the visits to Canada last year of three sets of British journalists, the guests of the Dominion and Ontario Governments and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy respectively, that a return visit of Canadian journalists to the British Isles would admittedly be most desirable. With this end in view, an influential committee of newspaper proprietors has been formed here. Lord Burnham, the veteran journalist who is now proprietor of the London Daily Telegraph, is president, and among other members of the committee are Lord Northcliffe, better known to the whole world as Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of Daily Mail fame; Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, proprietor of The Standard and other London and provincial journals, and would-be manager also of the London Times; Sir George Newnes, M.P., proprietor of The Westminster Gazette and The Strand Magazine; Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode, the well-known printer, who is also part proprietor of The Sphere and other journals, and other influential men. No difficulty has been found in securing the co-operation of the leading London and provincial editors, and it now remains for the committee to go into the details of the proposed visit.

In the case of the British journalists' visit to Canada, it was made essential that the visitors should be either the editors or leading writers on the staffs of the journals they represented. Everybody who knows anything of newspapers knows how many hangers-on there are always waiting for the chance of a free trip. It would be useless for Canadian journalism to send men of this type to England. What the committee desires is that leading Englishmen, from the King downwards, should have the opportunity of entertaining and getting into intimate touch with the men who really matter in the Canadian journalism of to-day, and it would be disastrous if a delegation to whom the best in England are prepared to extend a typical national welcome should fail to be fully representative of the highest ideals in Canadian journalism. It would be invidious at this stage to mention names, but it is obvious that no Canadian journalists' visit to England could be a success unless it included most, if not all of, say, the twenty men who as editors or writers occupy the front rank in the journalism of Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, Winnipeg, Halifax, St. John, Vancouver, and Victoria.

A committee of the Canadian Press Association was appointed last year, to arrange if possible for a press excursion to Great Britain, the party to leave next month, but the understanding was that the trip should not be

made unless the leading newspaper men of the various provinces could join the party. Owing to the provincial elections and the uncertainty as to whether the Dominion elections would take place this year, and perhaps, owing partly to the slump in business, promises to join the party could not be secured from a sufficiently representative number of men, and the trip was abandoned. But the desire to make the trip will result sooner or later in its being made—whether the present movement in London brings it about or not.

MACK.

#### Is Christian Science a Delusion?

*Editor Saturday Night:* With your customary fairness to all classes of the community, you will doubtless gladly afford the Christian Scientists an opportunity to explain why their religion is not the delusion that it was characterized in your columns recently.

Apart from the needless affront which such a statement constitutes to a large and growing class in this city—many of whom, including the writer, doubtless read and subscribe for your progressive journal—the day has gone by (in most places) when critics undertake to dispose in such a manner of the good works which are daily being accomplished through Christian Science in this and every community where it is practised—works which are so publicly accomplished and attested that all who choose may easily inform themselves as to their genuineness, and works which are so manifestly good and elevating both upon the individual and the community, that it is difficult to see how any thoughtful person can longer class Christian Science as a delusion.

With no desire to provoke contention, who, it may be asked in the name of all that is rational, ought to know best whether Christian Science is a delusion—the critic who has investigated it, perhaps superficially (if at all), or those persons who, having suffered for many years from wasting and painful diseases, only to be told at last that their disease was incurable, have been finally healed through Christian Science? Is it any wonder that the blind man whose sight was restored by Jesus near the pool of Siloam, could not be convinced by his neighbors that he was suffering from a delusion? Who should know best whether he was healed or not, this man who <sup>had</sup> been born blind, or his critics who scoffed at his healing? To all such criticisms, a multitude of grateful persons make answer to-day in the words of this man: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Is that to be classed as a delusion which is daily restoring to health hundreds who have been condemned to death by materia medica, which is daily redeeming men from vice and sin of every nature, which confers hope on the hopeless and peace on the troubled, which promotes harmony in the home and morality in the community? That these results are being daily accomplished through Christian Science in this city as elsewhere, can be easily verified by all who care to acquaint themselves with the facts—and if the fruits of a movement are the sufficient vindication for its existence and claim to public attention, then Christian Science must be far indeed from being a delusion.

Thanking you for the space in which to present these views, I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

J. M. JACKSON.

OUT in British Columbia the newspapers grow urbane, and, further, even visionary. And it is interesting to hear such voices where not so long ago all voices were hoarse and muttered only of gold and copper and such things. For example, this from the Vancouver Province: "So, in the streets of Vancouver to-day, Buddha and Mahomet and Confucius still move along the sidewalks. Looking at the miscellaneous crowd, with here and there its turbans and pigtail, our vision passes beyond these to the dim temples of India, and to the long night's meditation under the Bo tree. We hear not only the clang of street car gongs, but the strange bells of the pagodas of T'si and Lu. The prosaic shops and pavements dissolve into an expanse of sand, over which is the glow of the Arabian sun, and where there are Arabs on camels, with their faces toward Mecca. Musing further, we are led upward to the contemplation of that Divine Figure who has been the ideal and exemplar of the centuries, and who gave us the pattern of a human life after which the world, with many a fall, still vainly struggles."

ODFREY LANGLOIS, speaking at the Montreal Reform Club dinner on Saturday last, said that the Reform party in Quebec was not carrying out in office the pledge given at the time of the elections, to make education a chief feature of its policy. He reminded his hearers that there are over four thousand female teachers in the province of Quebec who do not receive more than \$122 per annum, or \$10 per month—less than is paid to a domestic servant. In Ontario, he said, \$400 is the minimum paid to any teacher. In Quebec there are no less than fourteen different kinds of grammars in use, eight geographies, eight arithmetics, and eight histories of Canada. The public school system in that province seems to be badly in need of modernizing.

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**Brakeman's art.** 250  
**Brakeman's life.** 1,500  
**Laborer's life.** 2,500

These are some values put on human life and limb, according to three settlements and a judgment in the High Court to-day. It was settlement day by companies at Osgoode Hall.—Toronto Telegram.

ANY of the young Conservatives who have had their names mentioned in the newspapers as possible candidates for the Legislature should not forget that one day this week was All Fools' Day.

#### IN IRELAND

By JAMES P. HAVERON

HERE'S little gould in Ireland,  
But it is more to me  
Than all that's hid in mountains  
Or sunk beneath the sea.

They're humble folk in Ireland,  
But they are more to me  
Than all the lords an' ladies  
Ye'll find across the sea.

There's one wee lass in Ireland,  
An' she is more to me  
Than all the gould an' all the girls  
That ever I did see.

#### WEN DE SUGAR TAM WAS COM

ERE ees somting on de hair dat for long tam ees not dere,  
Since dis tam anudder year dat's so many monts ago;  
Maself 'ave feel de breathin' of de sout win on de h'air,  
An de sun ees gettin' warmer, an ees meltin' h'off de snow.

De squirl jump aroun as eef ees 'ear de soun  
Of great rejoicin' dat de winter's on de b'm;  
De broken twig ees weepin' an a droppin' h'all aroun,  
An from dose ting alth knowin' dat de sugar tam com com.

Ah lov de plantin' tam an ah lov de 'arvess too,  
De mowin' an de reapin' an de bilden' of de stack;  
Most all dat farmin' beezness ah've been trough,  
But none dose tam compare wen de sugar tam com back.

Now for work we h'all ees bizeey an roun wese rushin' queek,  
An prepare dem for de washin' on de creek,  
An ees lookin' lak some beezness was began.

Sap sucker now be rappin' an de man ees also tappin',  
De smoke ees clamb amde of h'upper limb;  
De cedar steek ees snappin' an de 'emlock ee ees crackin',  
An 'ow de smoke an cinder ees go flyin' op de chim.

De sap ees store for bilin' all trough de starlit night;  
H'on de bunk ahs feel so cosey as ah'm lyin' on de shack;  
Wid pork an h'oniion fryin' h'on de fire glowin' bright,  
Ba jingo! ah'n't ah 'appy dat dis bestest tam com back.

De fox ees bark h'on 'illside, de coon ees call h'on tree,  
De noisy h'owl dat near us ees mak de scarey hoot;  
An wese fear de prowlin' bear because ees now be free,  
De wolf ees mak som 'owlings an de deer an rabbit scoot.

Bot de sugar ees es makin' an de mornings com again,  
Makin' always work in plentee bot deres plentee of molass;

An de sap ees keep h'on droppin' an a droppin' lak de rain,  
An wese wishin' dat de season will be longer dan de las.

W. H. MORDEN.  
Toronto, March 31, 1908.

#### A "Roast" for Yankee Millionaires.

A BRIGHT and intelligent Frenchwoman has recently been publishing in the Paris Temps her impressions of New York. She principally confines herself to the wealth and splendor of the city and the character which it acquires from being the home of so many rich people. "The Americans," she says, "struggle for wealth, but they also know how to spend it." An American who has money "lavishes it on pleasure." "He cannot create beauty, but he can buy it." "Art, for instance, becomes a thing of trade, not indeed to be produced, but to be imported, at an exceedingly high price." Of the houses of the millionaires in New York this fair traveller writes almost in the tone of Paul Bourget describing a Newport "cottage." Thus we read:

"The millionaire will have in the fashionable quarter of the city a house of classic architecture—eighteenth century, Renaissance, or Etruscan in style. The materials he employs are the most costly—white marble or bright red brick. These dwellings are made remarkable in order that they may call forth remark. They are certainly either gorgeous or original. They have a majestic facade, like the Vanderbilt palace, or a lofty turret, like the Clark house. There must be something distinctive about them. And when the great sightseeing automobile passes them, carrying up Fifth Avenue its inesthetic load of visitors to the city, the guide standing up before them will proclaim through his megaphone: 'This is the Havemeyer palace, the Whitney Palace. This is the part of the town where the American kings reside!'"

The interiors of the houses, we are told, are as gorgeous as the exteriors. In fact, these houses are veritable museums of art. Every rich man and woman must have a portrait painted by Chartran or Channing, and every outsider must be told how much was paid for it. Price is everything in American art treasures, declares this Parisienne, "and a millionaire prefers to give \$40,000 for a mediocre canvas painted by a fashionable artist than to risk a few dollars on a masterpiece by an unknown painter." Things of this sort are valued according to the price they cost." Last year a young American, hearing that President Roosevelt was awarded the Nobel prize, inquired: "How much will he get out of it?"

These are some values put on human life and limb, according to three settlements and a judgment in the High Court to-day. It was settlement day by companies at Osgoode Hall.—Toronto Telegram.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask if the teaching of English is compulsory in the public schools of Quebec. No. The people of Quebec are under no compulsion of any kind, but enjoy the same self-government as the people of Ontario. They speak the language that comes naturally to their tongues, and no outside authority meddles with them. Education is entirely under provincial control. The Protestant schools of Quebec, which in a measure correspond with Separate schools in Ontario, are English schools, but there is no compulsory, and not much voluntary, study of English in the public schools of that province.

A CLERGYMAN was recently telling a marvellous story, when his little girl said: "Now, pa, is that really true or is it just preaching?"—The Tatler.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of **Eleven Per Cent. Per annum** upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 30th April, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches

**ON AND AFTER FRIDAY, THE 1st DAY OF MAY NEXT.**

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th April, both days inclusive. The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on **Wednesday the 27th May, 1908.** The chair will be taken at noon.

By order of the Board. D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 25th March, 1908.

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have been a matter of some difficulty, but ought to have been boldly faced.

The statement is made that Mr. C. M. Hays has had a pretty strenuous time of it in England, and that the continued criticisms of shareholders, the failure of the \$10,000,000 G.T.P. issue, and the Rothschild resignation, will result in a lively half-yearly meeting of shareholders in London on the 8th inst.

While railway earnings undoubtedly are disappointing to holders of securities, it is of interest to note that the February decrease in gross earnings of Canadian lines was less than half as great, proportionately, as that shown by United States roads. The latter showed a decrease from February of last year of 11.5 per cent., while in Canada the falling off was less than 5 per cent. Canadian bank clearings, too, have experienced only half the proportionate decline suffered in the United States. While clearings in Canada are running about 20 per cent. below those of a year ago, the United States' general showing is more than 40 per cent. lower than in the corresponding weeks of last year. The clearings of banks in Toronto for the month of March were \$80,860,000, as against \$105,319,000 in March, 1907, and for the three months the total was \$256,122,000, as compared with \$312,280,000 for the first quarter of 1907. The clearing of banks in Montreal in March were \$108,282,000, as compared with \$125,041,000 in the same month of last year.

Currency reform in the United States is receiving some attention. The Aldrich bill has passed the U.S. Senate, but it is not likely to be recognized after its passage by the House of Representatives. A compromise between it and the

Fowler measure would seem to be inevitable. Thoroughgoing currency reform is not secured by the provisions of the Aldrich bill, though in its present form it is free from several original features of a vicious character. But Mr. Aldrich has Wall Street with him so far as he seeks to provide an emergency mechanism. Commercial banking institutions, however, should not be large owners of bonds, railroad or any other kind, and in the event of another money squeeze the banks should not be forced to buy bonds in order to take out circulation.

The Rio de Janeiro Company, the bonds and stocks of which are held to a large extent in Toronto and Montreal, is in the Paris market for more money. The new issue of preferred stock, amounting to \$15,000,000, about half of which will be issued, is expected to bring 80 in that market. A special meeting of the shareholders of the company has been called for the 6th of April, the notice stating that the meeting is called "to conform the revision and consolidation of the by-laws of the company," and announces that at this meeting "the company's interim balance sheet to November 30, 1907, will be presented, the publication of said by-laws and a balance sheet being necessary under French laws to enable the company to introduce its securities on the French market, for which purpose steps are being taken by the directors. The regular balance sheet to the end of the fiscal year will be presented in due course at the next annual meeting."

Money in London is down to 2 per cent. on call, with the reserves of the Bank of England specially strong. During January and February, England imported \$4,600,000 less gold than in the same months of 1907, receipts from South Africa alone decreasing \$3,600,000. Imports still exceeded exports by \$3,900,000, but in the same two months the Bank of England's gold holdings increased \$33,500,000. This indicates that nearly \$30,000,000 gold must have been released from channels of British trade during the period, and sent in to the Bank. In New York this week call money loaned at 1 per cent. on Wall Street, the first time for this low rate since Sept. 23 of last year. That rate was only touched on three occasions last year—on September 27, April 29, and April 3, and was not touched at all in 1906 or 1905. In 1904 the rate was 1 per cent. and lower from April 22 to September 16, inclusive, falling to 1 per cent. in the third week of July. In spite of the low call rate, railroads and other corporations are experiencing at present great difficulty in securing funds, and not until there is a change for the better in this respect can a recovery in business take place.

Navigation stocks are comparatively cheap, and no doubt legitimate investors will be attracted by the low prices current. Jaffrey & Cassetts say with regard to these issues: "It will be unusual if the signs of an early spring do not increase the demand for stocks of Canadian navigation companies. An early spring will mean a longer season with a probable corresponding increase in the earnings of these companies. At present prices Northern Navigation stock is the cheapest of these, paying 8 per cent. and selling at 88. The immediate and the future outlook for this company is satisfactory. Under its new management its operations have been distinctly successful. Percentage of expenses to gross earnings have been reduced from 94.16 in 1903 to 77.63 last year. The agreement by which this company will handle the lake freight of the Grand Trunk Pacific will give a permanent business. The operations of the C.P.R.'s lake fleet are understood to be very profitable indeed, and there seems no reason to anticipate that the business that the Northern Navigation Company will get from the G.T.P. will not be equally so."

The activity and higher prices early in the week for Canadian Pacific, "Soo" and the Duluth shares, resulted in the trotting out of the old rumor that these three properties were to be amalgamated and made one big Canadian Pacific. It is well known that the C.P.R., through its ownership of 51 per cent. of the stocks of the other two roads, already controls these properties, but the Duluth road shareholders are doubtless anxious for a stronger alliance. There has been some buying of these junior securities here, it is said, "for a long pull."

The forthcoming visit of the Prince of Wales to Quebec inspires a kindly and representative expression of feeling from the New York Times, which hopes that his Royal Highness may yet be induced to extend his visit to the United States, where he would receive a national tribute of respect. It says that, as Heir-Apparent to the British Throne the Prince has shown a degree of modesty and common-sense which has strongly appealed to Americans. The practical wisdom of his public utterances has not escaped notice on this side, and altogether "this quiet, dignified, clear-headed gentleman, the future head of the British Empire, is a personage who strongly interests the people of the United States."

### PLAIN TALK FROM THE PEW

THE pulpit from time to time has sought to get from the pew an expression of the kind of sermons it likes. Often the result is not particularly edifying, but the London Sunday School Chronicle has drawn from a number of laymen recently some rather fresh expressions on various kinds of sermons. A digest of the opinions concerning the kind of sermons laymen don't like reveals these views:

"Several take the occasion to say that laymen in general do not like sermons of any kind, and others hint that the shorter the sermon the better. Most of the writers are inclined to speak first of what they don't care for—sermons which discuss theological or philosophical problems, especially when the preacher has not yet mastered them; clever topical addresses prepared with a view to furnish good copy for the daily newspaper; literary criticisms on classic or current books, with such subjects as Browning's 'Message to His Age,' or Tennyson's 'Christian Belief'; discussions of matters whose chief interest is in their relation to common gossip; and sermons which appeal continually to the church as the authoritative instructor in matters of faith and conduct. One layman says he prefers to receive his literary criticisms from men who are not interested to make their author expound gospel or support a creed; and another would rather go to university-extension courses than to Sunday evening services for literary dissertations. As to 'taking' subjects, a layman gives this incident: 'A friend of mine told me with intense joy that his church had been full on the Sunday night. I asked him what he preached about, and he said: 'Courtship and Marriage.' I only inquired very respectfully, 'Is it really worth while?'"

The sermon which is a "message to the conscience and a response from above to the highest aspiration" is one which met with a "genuine appreciation" from the contributors to the symposium. Some further qualities of the good sermon are enumerated:

"It must be in the language of common life, these laymen say. It must be truth spoken with conviction, not qualified by desire to please or placate, nor uttered in a spirit to provoke opposition. The sermon which is valued is one which shows men their temptations, and how to overcome them; which inspires men to trust God in the midst of business anxieties; which sustains them in dark hours of adversity and loss and bereavement; which teaches and leads them to apply practical remedies for the sorrows of the afflicted and the sufferings of the poor; which kindles their love for children, increases their confidence in the triumph of righteousness over evil in this world, and opens before them a vision of future blessedness with God in eternal joy and harmony with him. In a word, the sermon which men like is the one which finds them as they are, and shows them how they can become what in their best moments they desire to be. Such a sermon is a revelation of experience spoken in language understood through experience of the hearers. It is the outcome of intimate association with Jesus Christ, looking on men as He looks on them, the best in the preacher speaking to the best in his hearers. It is the Word, that is, the self-manifesting God, become flesh, speaking not only through the mouth but through the whole personality of His messenger. The testimony of a number of Christian laymen to this effect, while not new, brings vividly home to the mind and conscience of the Church the conditions on which spiritual revival will be realized."

### Is the United States Growing Monarchical?

ANYONE who has travelled in France, the great Gallic Republic, is soon made aware that he is in a country where aristocracy and monachism are real and living influences. Voices are lowered and conversation ceases for a moment in a cafe when the Duc de Blanque brushes by; and a wedding among members of an obscure royal family of France is celebrated with pomp and attended by the reigning sovereigns of Europe. France in this respect, says the Literary Digest, has an underworld not unlike that in which Ulysses met the heroes of Troy, and Aeneas looked upon the glorious figures of past Roman history. What is a more serious question for the United States, however, is the startling statement of Sydney Brooks in the London Daily Chronicle that "America is fast drifting toward monarchy."

Mr. Brooks says that the White House, for instance, has been recently transformed into an establishment of palatial dimensions. Formerly "the entrance-hall looked like the bar-room in a second-rate restaurant." "There were next to no lobbies or cloak-rooms." "Tasteless vulgarity" characterized the decorations. "The President lived just above his workshop." "Privacy was as impossible as dignity." But, he remarks further:

"All this, since Mr. Roosevelt's accession, has been revolutionized. The White House has been reconstructed; new wings have been thrown out; the official quarters are to-day absolutely separated from the residential; all the rooms have been transformed in a style that is nearly the last word in taste and simplicity; two thousand five hundred guests can be accommodated at a state reception without overcrowding; and both inside and out the White House is now all that a Georgian mansion and an official residence should be."

Washington is now the only place in the United States where aristocratic, even royal, leisure prevails. Mr. Brooks thinks the tendency will grow.

The tendency toward monachism in social affairs at Washington is thus outlined:

"Certain rules have been evolved and certain customs established, which serve to guide each successive occupant of the White House. Thus the number of state dinners and receptions that the President has to give is now definitely fixed. Thus, too, it is now pretty well understood that an invitation to lunch or dinner at the White House is the equivalent of a command. Thus, also, it is now accepted that the President should on all occasions go in first, that nobody should sit down until he has taken his place, that he should always be served first, that he cannot accept hospitality under a foreign flag, and that if he has consented to dine at the house of one of his Cabinet Ministers, a list of the proposed guests should be submitted to him in advance."

"There is no court chamberlain" at Washington; we are told, to decide questions of etiquette and arrange the precedence which is so important a matter in the society of monarchies, but it is all coming. Society at Washington "has not yet found itself," this writer declares, but adds:

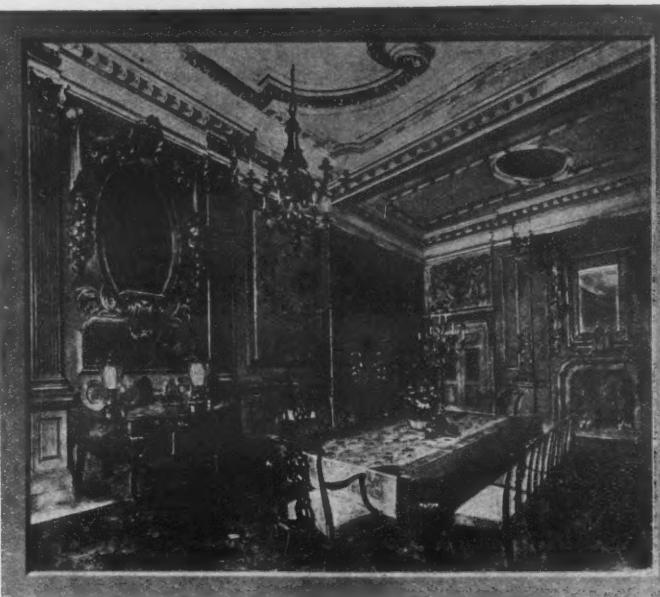
"Time and experience are teaching it order and self-restraint. Just as the tumult of the White House has been reduced to dignity, just as the old type of Presidential reception at which all were welcome who chose to come is giving way before the principle of selection, so Washington in time will abandon its indiscriminate calling habits and will reproduce one by one the outward forms and customs and ways of doing things that distinguish the monarchical and aristocratic societies of the Old World."

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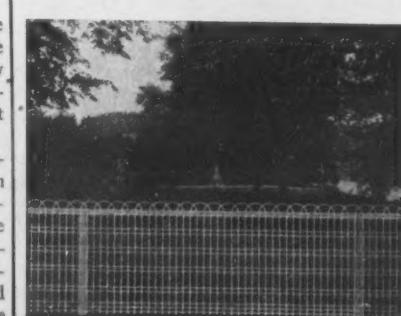
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# LONDON

# LETTER

LONDON, March 21, 1908.  
LONDON is still wrapped in "all the horrors of an English March," as one of the society journals phrases it. Last Monday it snowed sufficiently to whiten the ground, and spring has seldom been more backward. Gardeners, who six weeks ago were congratulating themselves on being able to make an early start with their spring work, are extremely irritable people in these days, and the parks have not begun to show their glories of crocuses and snow-drops in anything like profusion. It may be a trite observation, but even under every disadvantage, and despite a climate which Everybody's Magazine recently pronounced to be "easily the worst in the world," the London parks always appeared to me the most beautiful anywhere to be found, and this without disparagement of Paris, Berlin, or New York.

The hand of the landscape gardener is not anything like as apparent in them as in their Continental rivals, but I do not think they lose thereby. They are really slices of country scenery sandwiched into the town. What could be more rural in many ways than the view from the men's bathing place in Hyde Park, over the Serpentine, towards Notting Hill, embracing as it does the bridge and church spire far in the distance, and swimming in that haze beloved by the greatest of landscapists, Turner. And then Kensington Gardens—which Mr. Barrie has peopled with such delightful creations, in his "Little White Bird." I am sorry to say, however, and every lover of the London parks will join in my regret, that it was some time ago found necessary to "top" the magnificent elms which were such an adornment to the south-west angle. The work has been as carefully done as possible, of course; but the loss is great, for these trees were certainly amongst the finest in London before they had to be trimmed.

Many people do not know that there is a Dogs' Cemetery in Hyde Park. It lies about half-way between the Marble Arch and the south-west angle of the park, and may be visited by the curious at any time. There is another animal cemetery in the grounds of a private house, a little distance from London, the charge for interment in which is ten shillings, in addition to which a headstone has to be provided, of approved design and construction. The animals' cemetery is a suggestive outcome of the complexities of our modern civilization.

THE principal topics of interest and conversation amongst people whose opinions are really of importance, during the past week, have been the German Emperor's letter to Lord Tweedmouth, and the split in the Ministerial ranks due to the "right to work Bill."

As regards the first matter, it is a case of "much smoke and little roasted," as the Italians say. No one actually knows what was in either letter, but it cannot be for one moment supposed that so experienced a "world politician" as the German Emperor, would allow himself to be drawn into the indiscretion of endeavoring to influence the naval policy of another great nation by a letter to one of its Admiralty Lords, which is what certain Opposition papers are trying to establish, and affect to believe—though I do not think anyone takes them seriously when they do so.

As regards the "right to work Bill," the matter is very different. The propertied classes are beginning to look with considerable anxiety on the doings of the present Government. It is said, for example, that their proposed licensing legislation caused a shrinkage in one day in the value of the property of persons connected in any way with "The Trade" of one hundred and fifty million dollars. This is naturally not a matter to be laughed at, and the "right to work Bill" threatened to be quite as costly to the nation, though in another way. Under its provisions, any man is to have the right to go to the Government and say: "Give me work, or maintain me." It was an attempt to recreate in England the public workshops, etc., which proved such a disastrous failure in France at the time of the Revolution. It was opposed by the Government, and defeated by a majority of nearly a hundred and fifty, which has greatly angered the Socialists, and certain elements in the Labor Party. The principal opponent on the Government side was Mr. John Burns, the President of the Local Government Board.

IT is a long time now since I first made the acquaintance of "Honest John," and he is a very different man now in many ways, as a Cabinet Minister with two thousand a year, from what he was when his income was derived from the collected sixpences of "dockers" and others. I cannot agree with many of his views, but I certainly do very much like the practical way he has of bringing theory to the test of experience, and I wish more of our statesmen and Parliamentarians would do the same thing.

For example, in order that he might test the indiscriminateness of public charity, of which he had recently been complaining, on leaving an important public dinner at which he had been present as a Cabinet Minister, he put on an old overcoat over his dress clothes, went down to a "shelter" on the Embankment, and received his basin of soup and bit of bread. He related this incident in a speech he made shortly afterwards, closing by saying: "I got my soup, and me with two thousand a year"—as nearly as I recollect the words.

In the debate on the "right to work Bill" he made some equally telling points in the same manner—points that deserve to be remembered. He visited several of the Labor colonies, where experiments are being made with the view of benefiting the unemployed. He stated that he found in one of these colonies, which, when managed as an estate with a bailiff and nineteen laborers, had, one year and another, made neither profit nor loss; yet treated as a Labor colony with one or two hundred men, had netted a loss in one year of £22,000.

Another case he investigated was that of the Labor colony at Laird. He said on the outskirts of that colony, but not in it, he came across a typical looking peasant, of about sixty or sixty-five, digging in a field. He asked him how long it would take him to dig an acre, and was told about a fortnight. He then crossed into the Labor colony, and found that there it took sixty-three men ten days to dig an acre-and-a-half. "Then,"

said Mr. Burns, with fine scorn, "you want me to take the responsibility of setting up establishments of this kind all over the country." Comment is superfluous; but I think it is well that people throughout the British Empire should keep a certain watch upon Socialism, which, though it may have good points, cannot also be denied to have many dangerous ones, as human nature is now constituted.

ONE of the papers has been giving prizes for the best topical definition of the "ancient and royal game of golf." The one which was deemed the best was, "Pale pills pursued by purple people," an allusion, of course, to a phrase, which I believe originated with the late Senator Fulford, of Brockville. It puts me somewhat in mind of a definition once given, more in anger than in sorrow, by a well known Canadian jurist: "The one which was deemed the best was, "Pale pills pursued by purple people," an allusion, of course, to a phrase, which I believe originated with the late Senator Fulford, of Brockville. It puts me somewhat in mind of a definition once given, more in anger than in sorrow, by a well known Canadian jurist.

"Dear me," he said testily, "I never can understand the fascination chasing a quinine pill round a pasture lot seems to have for some people."

SEE Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, the Shamrock, (but not Shamrock IV.) has just been launched, and is to be ready for sea by the first of May. The pushful knight says she is a pleasure craft, for racing, but not a cup challenger, and that he will not again compete in New York, under the existing rules.

The Prince of Wales has bought a yacht for Prince Edward to cruise about the Solent in; a hundred and sixty tonner, cutter rigged. His Royal Highness evidently intends that his son shall be as thorough a seaman as he is himself; indeed, it is said by those who profess to be in a position to know, that he would not be at all sorry, were it possible for him to exchange the pomps and ceremonies of Royalty for the quarter-deck of a battleship, and the active duties of his profession. It must be rather tiresome being a Royalty, and being scarcely ever able to do what you want, for reasons of State. There is rather a pathetic story told of the young Queen of Holland, illustrative of this. She was playing with her dolls, and one of them was assumed to have been naughty. "Ah," said the little Queen, holding up a warning forefinger, "if you are not good, I will make you a Queen, and then you can never have any other little girls to play with, and will have to be constantly bowing to the people when you go out."

A CURIOUS story, illustrative of modern conditions, reaches me from a friend who lives in the heart of a most beautiful agricultural part of Kent. He is surrounded by typical farms in every direction, with magnificent dairy herds, and yet he cannot get milk for his porridge, or anything else. Every drop of that useful and elementary fluid produced at these farms is bound by contract to go to London, and the farmers dare not sell him so much as a pint. Were it not for a compassionate cottager, who has a Jersey, he would have to go without this luxury, or use the condensed article.

Complaints of the financial stringency continue. It is stated that a west-end shop, paying £600 a year rent, and with weekly expenses of £30, took in one day this week several shillings less than a sovereign, while the proprietor of a West-end restaurant declares, that though he serves as many dinners as ever, his profits on them have fallen from shillings to pence, as people now spend three and six-pence where they formerly paid fifteen shillings. An omnibus company employing two thousand horses is disposing of its business this week, and four others are to amalgamate after heavy losses. No wonder, therefore, the Grand Trunk Pacific £2,000,000 bond issue was not a success.

Rich Propagandists.

M R. H. G. WELLS the noted English writer, who has been assailed by his less successful Socialistic comrades for living in comparative luxury, declares that, in spite of the fact that he keeps four servants and a gardener; and that he has a tennis lawn, a garden study, a rock garden and other luxuries, his chief luxury is Socialism. This has cost him, in time, in energy, and in damage to sales of books, at least \$10,000 in the last four years. "I live in comfort and as pleasantly as possible," he says, "because it enables me to think and work without stress. All the thinking for Socialism is done by men of some independence and leisure. I see no sense in making myself and my wife uncomfortable and inefficient, cutting myself off from association with any but the impoverished class, and risking the lives and education of my children by going to live in some slum at a pound a week."

T. P. O'Connor points out that most of the best known Socialists in England are persons of wealth and leisure. Mr. Bernard Shaw makes \$125,000 a year, has motor-cars, and mixes freely in plutocratic society. His wife has a handsome fortune. Mr. Sydney Webb also married a well-dowered wife. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Philip Snowden did likewise; the latter augments his income by writing for newspapers and reviews. The Countess of Warwick has explained that she would willingly divide her worldly goods with the poor if there was enough to go round. She certainly is not now among the wealthy Socialists. Mr. Henry Mayers Hyndman is a most successful speculator.

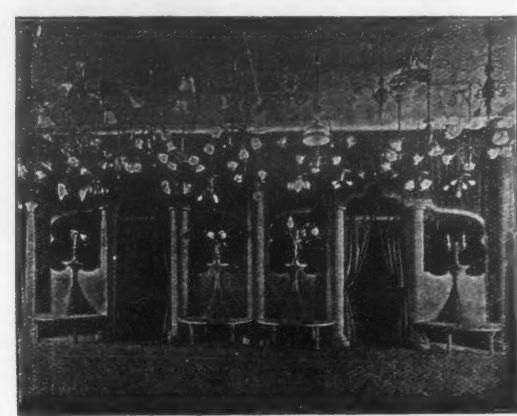
Lord Linlithgow was very intimate with the late Duke and Duchess of Teck, and it was at one time believed that he would marry the present Princess of Wales. When he was Governor of Victoria some of the backwoods papers were not too particular about their portraits of celebrities. One day a friend showed the Governor a paper containing the picture of a good-looking clean-shaven man, while underneath was the name of a notorious bushranger. "Do you know that picture?" he asked. "Know it?" cried His Excellency, "Why that's the coat I was married in!"

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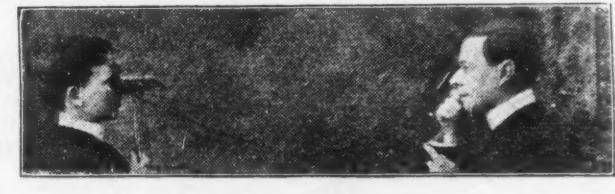


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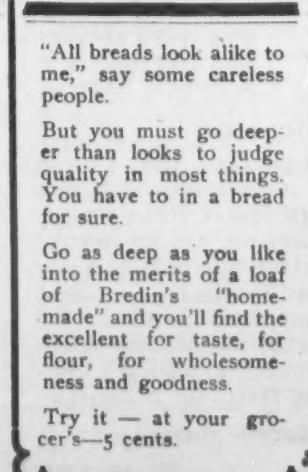
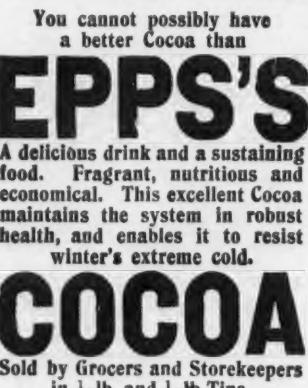
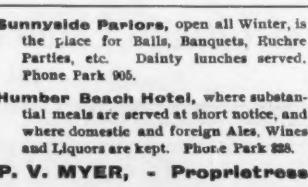
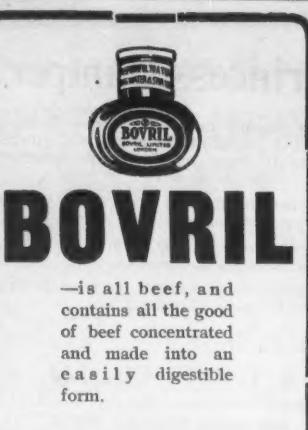
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XCIII.



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**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL**

THESE are the days when patient coachmen or superior chauffeurs slowly parade their equipages to and fro before the fashionable ladies' tailor and bonnet shops, while madame and mademoiselle have exciting and exhausting hours before the pier-glass and the trying-on bureau. I saw one elegant carriage being slowly hauled up and down King west for the better part of an afternoon this week, and within it, comfortably resting, with the latest novel open in her hand, sat not-out daughter of the owner, enjoying the air and the story in the greatest ease. To the lady-in-waiting in such cases, I recommend the latest novel, it is a better way of passing the time than turning a bored countenance on the pedestrians, or inwardly raging at the lingering of the lady who is presumably being fitted or hatted.

A very jolly evening was enjoyed by the Royal Arch Masons on Tuesday, beginning with a monster theatre party at Sheas', when about five hundred and fifty occupied the boxes, the lower floor and the first four rows of the gallery. After the theatre, the guests adjourned to the Temple ballroom for a dance and supper, and needless to say everything was very nicely done in connection therewith.

Two weeks from to-day will be the closing hours of Lent, and immediately after, a very busy Easter week. The dance of the Q.O.R. in the King Edward will be facile princeps among the festivities, but all sorts of gayeties and amusements and happy events are ranging themselves in order for the post-Easter season, two great interests, the Horse Show and the May meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club always taking the lead.

Mr. Percy Manning, 90 St. George street, will occupy No. 7 Walmer road, which he has purchased from Mrs. A. M. Ross.

Among the pretty girls assisting in the English Inn tea-rooms are Miss Isabel McWilliams, Miss Marjorie Macdonald and Miss Gladys Edwards. The popularity of the young ladies has generally much to do with the success of a tea-room, and that the English Inn has an immense patronage is no doubt partly due to that reason.

Mrs. Herbert Hulme returned to Vancouver last month after a short visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Joltes.

Mrs. Wilfrid Western is visiting her father, Mr. Eddis, in Rosedale. Mrs. Charles Johnston, Springhurst avenue, has returned from the West Coast. Mr. and Mrs. George Deeks have returned from Florida. Mrs. Irving Walker is expected home to-day from Bermuda. Miss Davis, who has been visiting Mrs. Miller Lash, has returned home to Cayuga. Mr. and Mrs. W. Carter have returned from a bridal trip to Bermuda.

On Next Thursday evening, April 9, Miss Hill will give a lecture on Paris and the Rhine, with limelight views, in the Canadian Institute.

Miss Edith Mason, whose steady success as a pianist has been so well deserved, gave a pleasant piano recital on Thursday night in St. George's Hall, assisted by Herr H. J. Lautz, composer and tenor soloist.

Mr. Frank Matthews, of Winnipeg, is visiting his people in Chestnut Park road.

Mr. Alphonse Jones has gone into partnership with the Messrs. Proctor.

Mary Le Grand Reed never looked handsomer than at the Peoples' Choral Union concert in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening. Her voice and manner charmed the big audience, and again and again they brought her back, a vision of radiant womanhood in white and silver.

Mrs. Buchan is now at the Queen's Hotel. Lady Kirkpatrick and Miss Kirkpatrick are at Closeburn. Lady Kirkpatrick's stay of three days at the Queen's sufficed for time for her welcoming friends to fill her apartment with the loveliest flowers, her own particular flower, the Beauty rose, being sent in profusion, and filling the air with fragrance. As the Government will take posse-

sion of Closeburn toward the end of this month, Lady Kirkpatrick will for a time be very busy superintending the packing up of her various household effects, and will return to England immediately afterwards.

Miss Bessie Proudfoot, the bride-elect, entertained a large party of her young friends at her home in Roxboro street west, at tea, one afternoon this week.

The engagement of Mr. Cecil G. Willett, of Brighton, England, and Mrs. David Macpherson, nee Nash, is announced. The latter is a sister-in-law of Lady Kirkpatrick.

Miss Melvin-Jones went down to Ottawa last week, where she is the guest of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

Mrs. Weston Brock is convalescing, but has, I regret to state, been quite seriously ill.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore went down to Atlantic City on Saturday for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan returned from New Orleans on Wednesday. Mrs. Sullivan has benefited very much by her stay of a couple of months in the South.

One of the most noticeable houses on the West Side is the recently completed grey stone mansion of Mr. E. C. Gurney, in Walmer road. Mr. and Mrs. Gurney are now in occupancy of their beautiful home.

Since the death of Mrs. Pilkington Crooks, Mrs. George Dawson, who had been the constant nurse and companion of her mother for years, has felt the long strain in her own impaired health. Captain and Mrs. Burns have gone to live at Mrs. Dawson's home, 75 Madison avenue, where her sister's companionship will be a boon to Mrs. Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra are arranging for a trip to Norway next month.

Mrs. Oliver Adams is at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. Justice Cassels has purchased a house in Ottawa.

The Camera Club's 17th Exhibition is on this week at the club rooms, 2 Gould street, where visitors are welcome. There are some masterly bits of photography by our Toronto experts.

A recital of David Copperfield was given under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship, in the Guild Hall on Thursday evening. Mrs. Sydney Dunn, of Hamilton, introduced by Jean Blewett, was the elocutionist.

The marriage of Miss Muriel Whitney, eldest daughter of Mr. Forbes Whitney, Wellesley Crescent, and Mr. Mowat Biggar, of Edmonton, will take place on Wednesday, April 30.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore is giving a farewell recital next Wednesday, before sailing for Italy to study for the operatic stage.

Mrs. Mann entertained at luncheon on Friday, March 27. Covers were laid for twelve and the guests included Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. Calderwood, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Edward Nesbit, Mrs. Dyne Saunders, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong and Mrs. McGregor Young. The flowers decorating the table were daffodils in great profusion.

Mrs. Duggan is visiting Mrs. Alec Cartwright in Ottawa. Miss Margaret George is visiting Mrs. Davis, in Ottawa.

Mrs. and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord, are expected home immediately. They sailed eight days ago for Canada.

The Empress of Ireland, which brought Lady Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, and several other well known persons over from England last week, had the worst weather of her experience on that voyage. Two of her crew were washed overboard by a giant wave, and some of the passengers were never out of their staterooms during the passage. In spite of shocking weather, however, one of the party says "The ship behaved splendidly, she is a first rater!"

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson are at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City.

The Julia Marlowe engagement the last three days of this week brought many people to the Princess who don't often patronize the theatre in Lent. To-night Miss Marlowe's Toronto admirers, whose name is Legion, will see her in the new play, Gloria, about which anticipations are many.

Miss Campbell, of Carbrook, gave a luncheon at the Ladies' Club on Wednesday. Covers were laid for twelve and the decorations were exquisite pink roses.

Miss Grace McTavish, who has been on a visit with Mrs. Bruce Riordan, left town this week, but will return for the races, next month.

Bright evenings' entertainment of intimate friends have taken place at Government House this and last week, and several small dinners have been given at smart houses up town. On Tuesday night Mrs. Sweny, of Rohlmann, entertained at dinner.

General Lake had General Otter, General Cotton, the new officer commanding stationed in Toronto, and Colonel Septimus Denison at luncheon at the Queen's one day this week. General Lake was up from Ottawa for a few days on military business.

Among those taking tea at the English Inn on Saturday, was Mr. Kenneth Macbeth, whose friends were glad to see him able to be out. Since then, he has not been so well, and is confined to his room again.

Captain Rupert Bruce's fellow officers are not loth to follow his noble lead. Two of the young men are already *fiance*, and I hear another is in a very precarious condition. There will be occasion for several congratulations at the Q.O.R. ball on the 22nd, and I hope to be permitted to announce at least one more engagement by that date.

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Lovers of "habitant" poems and admirers of the late Dr. Wm. H. Drummond, will learn with pleasure that the Central Y.M.C.A. Leaders Corps are planning for an evening devoted to hearing these notable old songs of French-Canadian life. Miss Edith Margaret Swaill, the well known reader of these poems, has been engaged for Monday, April 6.

The Canadian National Horse Show will take place at the St. Lawrence Arena, Toronto, April 29 and May 1 and 2.



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If your wife, poor woman, be out of sorts, And everything seems to sadden her, Keep her supplied with pints and quarts Of that Empress of Waters, Radnor.

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Fastidious gentlemen will find much to interest them at 73 King street west, where Burton, the well known tailor, is showing a remarkably superior range of British woolens. Apart from this, there are some interesting things to be learned at this high class tailoring establishment, in regard to the most recently introduced ideas of style. Those who aim to be really well dressed should not fail to consult Mr. Burton this spring.

Mistress (astounded)—You can't read, Norah? Good gracious! How did you ever learn to cook so well? New Cook—Shure, mum, oi lay it t'not bein' able to rade th' cook books.

## OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

THAT actress of eminence, Miss Julia Marlowe, who has come to Toronto this week to again fascinate us with her admirable art, recently addressed the students of an American college on the subject of stage art and how it best may be acquired. The chief point which Miss Marlowe endeavored to project into the student consciousness was that stars in the art of the drama, as in any art, arrive at preeminence only by hard and patient and intelligent work. Said she:

"All those other persons in a play who are not, and who are never likely to be, stars—what of them? They must, above all, be professional. By this I mean that acting must be to them the chief business of life; the work they have chosen to do. They must, with all their powers, first devote themselves to learning how to do it, and then to doing it, in as perfect a way as possible; whether their gifts assign to them such roles as Juliet, Lady Macbeth and Rosalind, Hamlet, King Lear and Othello, or the roles of the pages who stand and wait upon these others."

Miss Marlowe spoke to the students about their amateur theatrical performances. "Why amateur?" she asked. And then she told them something of "the background of stress and strain which makes professional performances professional." Had she chosen to speak flippantly to the young people, Miss Marlowe might have pointed out that "art is long," any way you look at it. Everybody knows that art is long, in the meaning of the poet. But too many forget that it is long in coming to its would-be exponents in any field.

Those who belong to the profession of acting or of journalism are constantly approached by young persons who imagine themselves to be fully equipped by endowment of Providence for the stage or for newspaper work. All they want is a position. "Scarcely a week passes," remarked Julia Marlowe, in her address, "that I do not receive dozens, even hundreds, of letters from young people, who tell me that they wish to act, and who ask me to advise them as to how they shall begin. Almost invariably the writers of these letters confide to me that they have temperament; very, very seldom do any of them say that they are taking courses in singing, gymnastics, and above all, in dramatic literature."

Temperament is indispensable to the actor who would act with distinction. Without having "the idea" no one can become a writer. When an ambitious young person of the type referred to explains, bluntly or delicately, according to his nerve-supply, that he has the inner something which must lead him to success, he is right as far as he goes, and is not to be laughed at. Technique is only the mechanics of art. But some knowledge of technique is necessary even in writing the local items of a newspaper. No one can acquire a fair facility in writing, or tolerable ease on the stage, much less distinction in either profession, without a great deal of hard work—work which must be constantly persisted in.

ONCE in a while the journalist whose work leads him in the course of a week to look through a large number of publications, differing "by the whole width of heaven" in purpose and ability, comes upon something—an article, a bit of verse, or some fine, bright allusion—that has a universal human appeal. He seizes it gladly, reprints it, if possible, with delight, and—so unselfish is the journalistic mind—feels real regret that many people will miss that particular bit of stimulating or mellowing material. In the latest issue of St. James's Budget, of London, there appears an article on "The Manufacture of Disgust," and it is a rare good article. The manufacture of disgust—don't we all know what that is? Haven't we all known a time—many times—when, as children or as men or women, we felt that some person or persons or some organization, perhaps of well-intentioned people, had undertaken to manufacture disgust of something for us.

It appears that a magistrate in Geneva, New York, lately hit upon a unique method of punishment for two boys charged with petty theft. He sentenced them to fifty-two consecutive attendances at Sunday school. The writer in St. James's Budget makes this incident a text for his dissertation on what he aptly terms "the manufacture of disgust." He says: "We have no personal knowledge of the Magistrate of Geneva, New York; but we admire his feline ingenuity. The principle which underlies this method of punishment must be that Sunday school is distasteful to the young. Otherwise

the two culprits would regard the penalty as a blessed reward rather than a correction. Nor can we suppose that the remarkable magistrate hopes to instill a love of Sabbath instruction into the juvenile mind by fifty-two insistences on its importance. He must know that the boys will emerge from their purgation with a lively horror of Sunday school, which will keep them from entering the doors again during the term of their natural life, unless their parents be of the stern, old-fashioned stuff, and prepared to improve upon the magisterial sentence by extending its term indefinitely. No very lively imagination is needed to conceive the effect on a Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn of fifty-two consecutive attendances at Sunday school. Most of us know the character of boys from our own experience. Once upon a time we all were boys or girls; and few there be who have not some reason to lament the effects of a systematic manufacture of disgust.

"Perhaps in our case it was not attendance at Sunday school but at church. Parents or guardians who fancied they were bringing us up in the way we should go may have insisted on our spending Sunday within four sacred walls. Sunday, to their mind, may have been a day of rigid devotion to religious duty, a day not to be desecrated by human conversation or relaxation, but to be kept holy in grim solemnity. Perhaps we were forbidden to talk of secular things or laugh too loud. As soon as one meal was over we may have been hurried to service, and immediately service was over hurried back again, in order that we might get the next meal quickly over and not be late for the next service. In this way Sunday may have been made the most trying day of the week. The result has been—if not in our case, in that of many of our fellow sojourners on earth—that church has become a thing to be avoided. The childish horror of the services has not passed away, will never pass away. Having had too much when we were young, we are resolved to have no more in our maturity. Now we can please ourselves we take vengeance on the rigidity of our early training.

"The other day we heard a man confess that he could not read the Bible even as literature. He was alive to the sublimity of its thought and the grandeur of its English. He really wanted to read it with due appreciation. But the power had been taken from him in boyhood, when he had been compelled to learn chapters by heart, and prepare whole books for examination. In parts of the Bible he was letter-perfect. This familiarity had bred not contempt but inability to brood over the grand, rolling, rhythmical sentences of which he realized yet could not feel the beauty. His mind was possessed by a manufactured disgust."

The writer goes on to say that as with the Bible, so it is with secular literature. There are people who cannot hear a reference to some of the finest English poems without a shudder, because "years ago they have been gabbled over and over again, till their meaning escaped, and they became symbols of the treadmill grind of so-called education." How sadly true! I know in my own case that some of the cameos of English literature were long ago made charmless to me through hearing them iterated and reiterated by unthinking school children and discussed upon by undiscriminating school teachers. I well remember one old teacher of my early youth, and still recall, sometimes with uncharitable thoughts, his attempts at teaching literature. He was familiar with only two authors—Burns (whom he always referred to with a fine show of intimacy as "Robby") and Goldsmith. Of quotations from their writings he had a copious fund, and he threw them at us until I hated the honored names of Goldsmith and Burns with all my heart. Callow as I was, I knew the teacher had no fineness of literary perception, and I grew to feel that if these two authors were his favorites they must lack the essential essence; and I determined that they should be no favorites of mine! How many of us have had such experiences! And for how many has the charm of much that is great in literature been lost by the curse of enforced memorizing and quoting—and, worse still, of hearing others quoting, parrot-wise! To quote again from the writer of the article under consideration: "One is sometimes driven to think that the classics, religious and secular, should be forbidden by law for school instruction, for amateur recital, for any purpose tending to the disgust of the majority. Why not limit the schoolmaster to the works of the

two culprits?

## What a Lady Said After Studying the Spring Suit Situation in Toronto the Verdict is "Simpson's"

WE have been interested to note the emphatic comments visitors to our magnificent Cloak Department make from time to time. Appreciation and sometimes criticism—whatever it is we consider it helpful, and are always glad when visitors express their honest opinion.

Here is what a lady from Rosedale said:—"Your suits are just as nice as any in town, and a good deal less expensive than those of all other stores with any pretensions to style."

So much for good taste and moderation. Let us quote you a few instances. (You should come and choose at once. The season is developing.)

At \$15.00

A very choice collection of Women's Suits, in black and navy Panama, black, navy and brown Venetian, and in chevron serge of green, navy and brown shades; some are made in Prince Chap style of coat, skirt trimmed with flounce folds; others are semi-fitting coats, trimmed with silk braid, skirts pleated and trimmed with fold of self; special Wednesday at \$15.00.

### Women's Raincoats

Cravatette Coat in tan, Oxford and Olive shades, made with loose back, double box pleats down centre, fitted with belt, turned back cuffs, finished with self-covered buttons, \$7.50.

Raincoats, of good heavy quality cravatette; comes in tan, olive and Oxford, has ripple back, extended shoulder pleats, Parisian sleeve, trimmed with tucks and finished with self-covered buttons, \$10.75.

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Skirt of bright lustre, in black, navy, brown and cream, made in full box pleated style, trimmed with clusters of pin tucks, \$5.00.

Misses' Skirt, of French Venetian, has double box pleat front, inverted pleat back, trimmed with fold of self; comes in black, navy, brown and green, \$5.00.

Women's Skirt of French Panama, in black, navy, brown and green, new flare sides, pleated front, trimmed with fold of self, \$5.00.

French Venetian Skirt, made with pleated gores, trimmed with rows of tailored strapping; comes in black, navy, brown and green, \$5.00.

Another very attractive style is a pleated skirt of French Panama, in black, navy, brown and green; trimmed with fold of self, \$5.00.



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late lamented Eliza Cook, or Martin Farquhar Tupper, or—to any writer who is not likely to be respected by the pupil in his later life?"

Many will no doubt applaud this excellent suggestion. HAL.

WONDERFUL SPRING IN ALGERIA.

Of the many sensational and interesting discoveries of past years few are more extraordinary than the spring that was struck by a party of engineers in Algeria, at Port-aux-Poules, a few miles from Oran. They had bored down to a depth of 900 feet in their quest for petroleum, when, to their disgust, the column that burst up, rising to a height of thirty or forty feet, proved to be, not oil, but—WATER. Oil-seeking was abandoned and the spring too, and operations ended as far as the engineers were concerned.

A year later one of the engineers, an Englishman, happened to return and then, to his surprise, learned that the spring water had acquired a wonderful local reputation. Old women suffering from gouty eczema of

years' standing had been completely cured by it, weak and sore eyes, bruises, burns and cuts yielded to it like magic and altogether it seemed as if Nature had provided at last her own simple remedy.

The spring is renowned among the natives as a veritable "Elixir of Youth" restoring to faded complexions the bloom of childhood, producing a beautiful soft transparency and removing, as if by magic, all eruptions and blemishes from the skin. Its great medicinal virtues have been fully recognized in England and the water is extensively sold in the British Isles as Icilmal Natural Water. Its properties have been attested to by the greatest living experts as possessing the most unique combination of cleansing, purifying and healing virtues.

Canadian ladies may now have an opportunity of testing the truth of this assertion, for the Icilmal Co. Limited, of London, Eng., who incorporate the virtues of this phenomenal water in all their toilet preparations, have arranged to supply Icilmal Natural Water and all the ex-

quisite Icilmal products, from a central distributing depot in Toronto, thence through the Drug Trading Co., and all wholesale drug houses in Canada. (Icilmal is pronounced Eye-sil-ma.) Icilmal Natural Water is 35c., Icilmal Fluor Cream, 40c., Icilmal Natural Water Soap, 35c. At leading druggists, or, if not kept, sent direct post paid on receipt of price. Address The Icilmal Co., 594 Spadina avenue, Toronto, Ont.

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Leading medical men say: Defective vision is due to the malformation of the eye-ball and its focusing system. In most cases exists from birth. The muscular strain necessitated in overcoming this defect is relieved by the use of glasses, but not cured. The method by which glasses are fitted from the oculist's prescription, by J. C. Williams, prescription optician, Yonge street, gives the maximum amount of relief. He makes your oculist's prescription accomplish all that is intended.

## SPORTING COMMENT

Of the making of legislation there is no end, and some of it is fearfully and wonderfully made. The latest example of what an assembly of enlightened representatives can do when they put their minds to it, is furnished by Prince Edward Island. A resolution was passed in the Legislature, calling for an enactment to prohibit the running of automobiles in the province, and with a few exceptions, the members got up on their hind legs and voted "Aye" with great gusto.

There is a grand total of nine machines on the island, and the conclusion is unavoidable, that the owners of these have been cutting up some pretty high jinks on the highways, or else public opinion is considerably out of joint with what is going on in the world outside.

The use of the roads for autos is a question that has caused a good many budding parliamentarians to come a cropper, but none of them attempted to go the distance that the Legislative Solons of Prince Edward Island have accomplished with such ease. An absolutely prohibitory enactment in regard to power vehicles is a *rara avis*, probably the only one in captivity, and it appears to solve at one fell swoop all the difficulties that have harassed the authorities elsewhere, but we can already surmise a few brand new problems that will arise in their stead.

In the meantime, what of the nine? Are they, through a piece of sixteenth century legislation, to be compelled to dispose of their machines at a sacrifice or turn them over to the junk dealer? We trow not. The nine will be heard from. They will arise as one man and demand compensation. Perhaps they will get it, and peradventure all they will receive will be the rollicking Ha! Ha!

At the banquet of the Ontario Motor League last week, this interesting state of affairs was referred to, and one speaker advocated a boycott of P. E. I. as a summer resort. We need have no fear on that score. Prince Edward Island has tagged itself for all men to see, and motorists will note the sign and sheer off. Perhaps they have so much money down there that they have no need to consider the auto-tourist. Meanwhile, we do feel sorry for the hapless nine.

FROM Sault Ste. Marie comes the interesting news that Peter Koggosh was the other day fined the sum of \$99.00 for killing deer out of season. Pete is an Indian, from Gros Cap, and his hereditary instincts getting the better of him, he did, with malice prepense, feloniously kill and slay the said deer, which is a misdemeanor under the provisions of the statute in such case made and provided, *et cetera*. As was to be expected, some difficulty was experienced in getting Peter to admit the soft impeachment, but several (note the several) witnesses testified to the offence, and he was saluted to the tune of \$75.00 and costs.

Now \$99.00 is a pretty rich dose, and most of us would experience considerable anguish if called upon to produce under like circumstances. If Peter is anything like the Indians we know, a fine of this magnitude would put a blight on a life of ease for all time, but perhaps he is a Jawn D. of the woods, with a *cachet* of mink skins back in the bush. But how was the law able to gather such a cloud of witnesses? The usual experience in this country has been, that in prosecutions under the game laws, the reluctant witness has to be pried loose from the domestic hearth with a cant hook, and then like as not the case falls through, but in the present instance, everybody was on hand, the wheels of justice turned about twice, and poor Lo was minus five 20's from the outside of his roll, with a discount of 1 p.c. for cash.

If this is a sample of what happens to the out-of-season sportsman up there, it would appear that it is an awfully nice place for these gentry to stay away from. At the prevailing rate of exchange, venison is worth about 35c. a pound on the hoof, and that is too much in these times of tight money. In the light of Peter's experience, we hate to think of what would happen to a white man. Vive la Sault Ste. Marie!

WHEN the annual meeting of the C. L. A. is held on Good Friday one of the most important proposals to be considered will be one enforcing a residence rule, with the intention of shutting out the pro-

fessional—the man who plays lacrosse for hire and joins whichever club offers him the fattest inducements. Clearly these purse hunters have done lacrosse grievous harm. They have done the game harm in more ways than one, for solid citizens in many of our towns have learned to frown on a game which lures young fellows into making the lacrosse stick the tool of their trade, and who fritter away some of the best years of their lives as hired players, unfitting them for useful service later on. Not only are local players discouraged by the bringing in of these rovers, but the town spirit behind a team is weakened, and parents begin to prefer that their boys should not play the game at all.

President James Wilson and Secretary W. A. Groves, of the Fergus Club, have sent out a circular urging that the residence rule should be adopted, but with the qualification that any professionalized players who actually reside in a town or in the country hard by, should be declared eligible. The circular points out that it is the roving players—the purse-hunters—who made the trouble, and as the residence rule would put an end to their business, no object can be served by continuing a regulation disqualifying players for past misdeeds, after a new and better system has overcome the evil. Indeed, some of these professionals differ from others only in the circumstances that

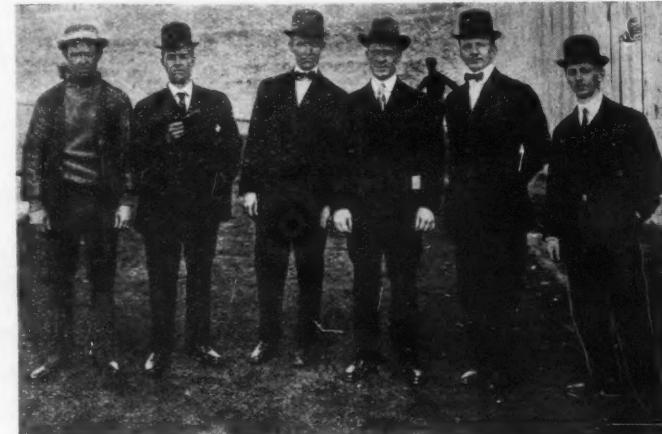
plans materialize the public will have a chance of seeing Tom Coley and Jack Tait fighting it out in a five mile go. Coley has heretofore proved the faster man at this distance, but Tait has improved some since last summer and has a win over Coley to his credit at the mile.

A relay team, comprised of Longboat, Tait, Goldsboro, Adams and Sellen will go after a record, and should just about get it. Bobby Kerr will be there in the sprints, Mike Creed, Bob Stamp and George Barber in the jumps and Con Walsh in the weight events. Great chance to see Canada's best men in action. Proceeds go to the Olympic Fund.

THE proposal to have Billy Sherring accompany the Canadian Marathon runners to the Olympic games, as coach, should be given unanimous support by the athletes in general, as Sherring's winning of the last world's Marathon, at Athens, paved the way for a Canadian team for this year's Olympiad.

But apart from sentimental reasons Sherring's abilities as a handler of long distance runners are well known around Hamilton, where he has helped to condition the winners of quite a few races.

FOR the good old days when athletic wars were not! When Czar Sullivan had not yet awakened to the fact that Canada had world-



Toronto Baseball Correspondents at Charlottesville, Va.  
From the left: Dave Sloan, millionaire turfman; George Shields, photographer, Toronto Telegram; Del Hawkins, Progress, Charlottesville; J. P. Fitzgerald, Toronto Telegram; Frederick Wilson, Toronto Globe; W. A. Hewitt, Toronto Star.

they have been found out. As the residence rule will make it necessary for a man to play with his own club or not at all, the writers of this circular urge that players who have been professionalized should be allowed to re-enter the game. As a measure of relief to a lot of good players and in order that a new start may be made on a sound basis, much can be said for the suggestion from Fergus. The blame for all that has gone wrong in the past does not by any means rest on the comparatively few individuals who have been professionalized. While this is true I do not think I can follow the Fergus suggestion to its logical conclusion which seems to be that a local club should be allowed to grow and maintain local professionals. It would give a large town or a wealthy club an advantage; it is not easy to cultivate an evil and keep it within bounds. In all these discussions one frequently hears the cricket professional spoken of, and men want to know why the same system cannot be introduced in lacrosse without injury to the game, and without loss of amateur standing to those who play. There is a very great difference. The cricket pro is an instructor first and foremost; he has the status of a hired employee; he plays in inter-club matches only when the opposing eleven plays a pro. He is a necessity to his club altogether apart from match games. In other words professionalism in cricket excites no alarm because it cannot engulf the game—it can reach so far, but there it ends. In lacrosse, baseball and football the case is different for professionalism could swallow these games whole. Unless amateurism is to be destroyed, it must guard itself.

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THE latest disqualification by the A.A.U. and its joke ally, the Federation, is that of the Hamilton Y.M.C.A. basketball team, and the reason given is that they played against a touring New York team. It may be mentioned that Hamilton won, they have a fixed habit of winning from touring American teams and generally win when they invade American cities. Perhaps this persistent winning, a la Longboat, has more to do with the disqualification than the senseless reason given. But it sure is funny when the Feds butt in with their little hammer. When did they gain control of Y.M.C.A. matters?

\*\*\*

OVERS of fencing will have a chance of seeing the aspirants to the Olympic team compete at the trials in the Central Y.M.C.A. gymnasium on Friday and Saturday, April 3 and 4. Teams from Montreal A.C., McGill A.C., Central Y.M.C.A. and Varsity A.C., are already entered and some good bouts should result. The team competition will be held on Friday and the singles on Saturday.

VIENNA THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE Olympic Athletic Carnival, to be held the latter part of next week, promises to be the real big event of the indoor season. Besides the regular programme, Manager Flanagan is arranging match races for each evening, and if his present



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## GOLF UNDER DIFFICULTIES

By GEORGE CECIL

Of late years, golf in India has almost amounted to a craze, neither age nor weight being considered a drawback. That is to say, most exiled Europeans play it. Persons who suffer from the common Anglo-Indian disease, "liver," assiduously trot after the little white ball; elderly ladies who are anxious to preserve their willowy figures may be seen every evening going round the links; and the new-comers—whose energy is the envy of their seniors—are equally ardent in their devotion to "the royal and ancient game." In most "stations" an excellent links is to be found, and even in the small places where the ground is plentifully strewn with rocks, there is little difficulty about making a course. But in certain out-of-the-way districts it is necessary to clear part of the jungle before anything even approaching a links can be laid out. The true golfer, however, is not easily deterred from his purpose. If he sets his mind on overcoming difficulties, there is little doubt that he will, to a certain extent, succeed.

Some years ago I found myself in a small inland "station" at the foot of the "hills," with another white man for my sole companion. We took stock of each other, and soon arrived at the conclusion that we had scarcely anything in common. We, however, agreed that it was possible to play golf—a game which I have always considered unworthy of an intelligent person's attention—together without affronting each other's susceptibilities. My fellow exile was a huge, burly creature, whose mind contained but two ideas—one being how much he could eat and drink without setting up spontaneous combustion, and the other golf. For my part, I simply played the aggravating game because in India walking exercise is more or less necessary to one's health.

Having come to the before-mentioned agreement, it was decided that I should order from Calcutta the necessary implements, and that Pudding (I always called him Pudding) should survey the ground which was eventually to serve us as a links. I then took a week's holiday at the nearest "hill station," hoping, on my return, to find that the work of laying out the course had commenced. Upon returning to the detestable place to which an unkind government had relegated me, I was told that Pudding had got himself into trouble with the local police. It appeared that, in his official capacity, he ordered the local "Public Works Department" to remove the rocks with which the ground was strewn, at the same time desiring the native "Forest" officer to cut down about two miles of jungle which somewhat interfered with our intentions. Torn 'twixt love of duty and fear lest by proving disobliging they might endanger their future prospects, they took counsel of their friends in the bazaar. The result was that, after a few days' dilly-dallying, the affair got to the ears of the supreme head of the government. In due course, the ardent golfer received a furious official communication ordering him to pay for whatever work he required to have performed. He, thereupon, called for tenders, and, after much delay, the work of turning an impossible looking stretch of country into a links began. In some cases we had to undertake extensive blasting operations in order to secure the necessary smooth place for the "putting" green. So far as the making of bunkers was concerned, Nature was kind to us. For miles around chains of rock and gigantic mounds stretched across the country. Our chief difficulty lay rather in clearing

sufficient space to get a good drive. Almost every hundred yards a patch of sugar-cane, or a belt of enormous trees (the property of the government), interfered with our work, and it was only by sacrificing these monarchs of the forest that we could secure our object. And even after they had been removed, at considerable trouble and no little expense, having to be dragged out of the way by elephants, our worries were not at an end. For it appeared that we had unintentionally interfered with the "Forests Department." The trees were specially conserved, their valuable timber being intended for use in shipbuilding yards and railway workshops, both of which bought largely from the Government. At first we were threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties. In fact, poor Pudding took the matter so much to heart that his appetite was seriously affected for two consecutive meals, while he nearly killed his long-suffering black servant for advising a strong whisky and soda as a means of raising his master's spirits. Eventually a compromise was effected, and on our paying a small sum we were assured that no further steps would be taken.

Finally the links were prepared, and we set about playing our first game, escorted by two little native boys, who acted as caddies, their mistrustful parents accompanying them to see that they came to no harm. In this connection, the black is a suspicious creature, and views with much perturbation the Englishman's games—especially when they are played by means of dangerous looking weapons. At first everything promised well, and we reached the third hole without anything happening to disturb the harmony of the proceedings. But upon my preparing to launch my ball into space, a stentorian bellow was borne upon the breeze. Investigations revealed the fact that the green was within a few yards of a temple which was hidden in a neighboring clump of trees. The excited priest, who, evidently, had formed a very bad opinion of the British character, excitedly warned us against continuing the game, explaining that if the ball was to touch the temple, the whole structure—from the tip of the domed roof to the foundation-stone—would be defiled for ever. All the time the caddies and their parents (who appeared to have a great respect for the fanatic who tried to stop the game) joined in execrating us, till we began to think that, after so much labor, we should not be allowed to play a second time. Fortunately, the universal "buk-sheesh" worked the oracle, and upon our pointing out that the chances were a hundred to one against the temple being hit, we were invited to continue our game. But we were not out of the wood, for Pudding, when swinging his club, caught one of the wretched caddies a frightful backhander on the head. The inquisitive youth, instead of remaining at a safe distance, had approached too near the stalwart player, with the above unhappy result. More largesse had to be bestowed; and through the wounded caddy's father was partially mollified, he followed us for the next three holes muttering threats, and remarking upon the extreme danger of golf. Tiring of his importunities, we again explained to him that the affair was an accident, offering to provide another demonstration. Eventually he took himself off—to return, half an hour later, with a gang of colored hooligans armed with unpleasant-looking staves. He informed us that, acting on behalf of the parents of the other caddies, he was empowered to stop the game—by force if necessary. This impudent ultimatum

put an effective check upon the proceedings, and we reluctantly returned in the direction of the "station." But hardly had we retraced our steps than after chattering amongst themselves, they offered to withdraw their prohibition if we could, in return, do them a favor. The request was that we would, in our official capacity, recommend the hired assassins as candidates for the local police force. This we had much pleasure in promising, and we were allowed to finish the game in peace. It will thus be seen that our initial difficulties (which included training the caddies) were no small matter.

After we had played for about a fortnight we awoke one day to the fact that our supply of balls had dwindled in the most alarming manner. Certainly we had lost a certain number, which the native caddies professed not to be able to find; and half a dozen were removed by burglars one night. Soon our resources were reduced to one solitary ball. In the interval of securing a further supply from Calcutta, we endeavored to make balls—with the assistance of an ingenious colored patriarch whom we had placed in charge of the links. Our efforts, however, were anything but a success. After buying up all the india-rubber in the local bazaar shop, the best we could turn out was a quaint-looking lop-sided ball which bore little resemblance to the genuine article. Eventually the new consignment arrived—but, alas! too late. For by this time Pudding and I, from constantly playing together, had become so bored with each other's company that we positively dreaded meeting. However, we eventually agreed that after all the trouble to which we had been put in acquiring a links and a corps of caddies, it would be foolish to give up playing. So we met each other half way by agreeing to play once a week only—an arrangement which might have worked out admirably had certain events not transpired.

The native of India is an exceedingly suspicious person, and those who inhabited the little "station" in which we made our links were no exception to the rule. Each day that we played several dozen of our black brethren gathered near the first putting green, saluting us with scowls. They would follow us from hole to hole—keeping at a respectable distance from our deadly clubs. We soon discovered that they suspected us of magic, having been egged on by the local priests to put a spoke in our wheel. Every time we approached the temple, the rascallions formed a guard round it, as though to ward off any attempt on our part to damage the architecture or to defile the premises. As no amount of reasoning could rid us of their unwelcome attentions, we seriously began to think of giving up golf for some pursuit which would be less likely to offend against their prejudices. But we were saved the trouble, for, one morning, on ordering our caddies to proceed to the ground, we were told that the putting greens and holes had been destroyed by wild animals, and that it was impossible to play. Hastening to the spot, we found that the news was partly true. Each green seemed to have been ploughed up, while the holes had entirely disappeared. There was nothing for it but to bow to the inevitable, though it would have afforded us much satisfaction to get even with the priests and their minions, for they had undoubtedly done the mischief.

On returning to the "station" some five years later, out of curiosity I paid the links a visit. I found the place in the jungly state in which it was before it had been converted into a links, and conversation with the natives told me that "two mad Sahibs had once played some devil's game there." My informant added that curious little balls were sometimes found,



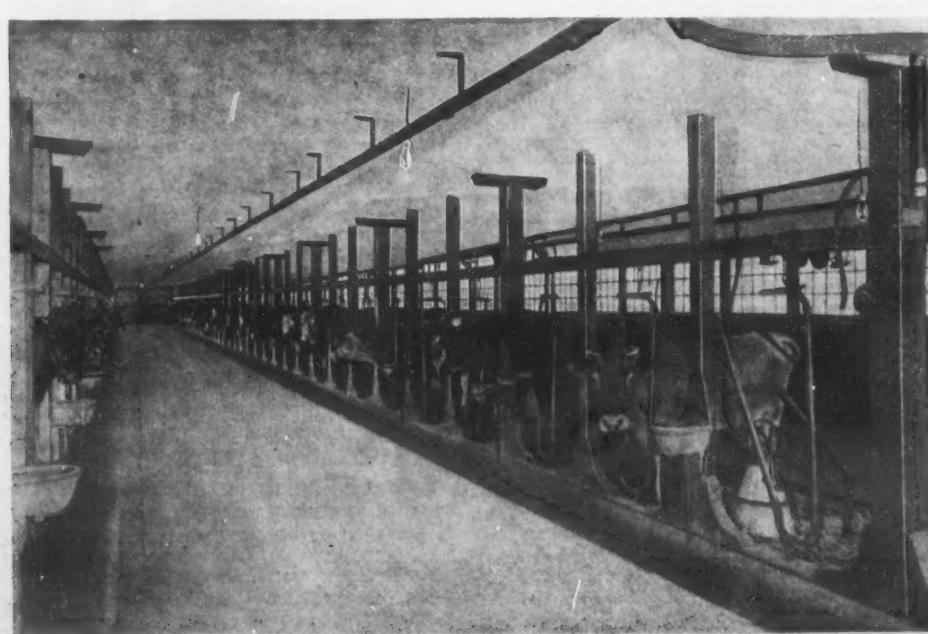
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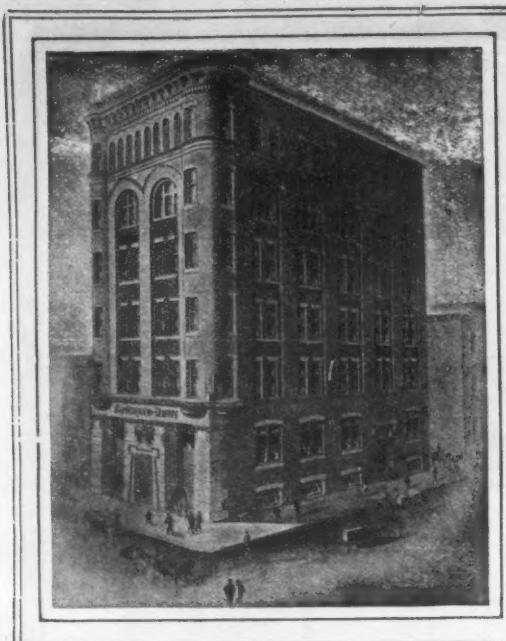


THE HOME OF ERINDALE COWS  
On Price's Dairy Farm, Erindale, Ont.

and that they were sold to the native priests, who, after blessing them, resold them (at a profit) to credulous pilgrims to the temple which was one of the earliest causes of our misfortunes.—From The Scottish Field for March.

THE Rev. Dr. M'Causland, minister of Douglas in Clydesland, dining with a large party, the Hon. Henry Erskine being one, helped himself so plentifully to watercress and ate so grossly and greedily that Erskine at last was provoked to say: "Eh, Dr. M'Causland, ye bring me in mind of the great King Nebuchadnezzar—"

"Ay, indeed. I remind you of Nebuchadnezzar? That will be because I am eating among the brutes, then!"



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone [Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.] Main 6640

MONTRAL: Board of Trade Building. (Tel. Main 285)

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE:

Byron House, 85 Fleet Street, E.C.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year. \$2.00

Six Months. 1.00

Three Months. .50

Postage to American, European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

VOL. 21. TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 4, 1908. NO. 25

## ? Points About People ?

Pool Was His Game.

THE championship pool tournament this week in Chicago, between Thomas Hueston and Jerome Keogh, calls to mind an interesting little incident which I heard in Cobourg last summer.

I had dropped in to see my old friend, the proprietor of the local pool-room, whom I had known in former years as a lumberman. We stood watching the game.

"They shoot a pretty good game," he said. "I tell you, though, there has been better pool than you ever saw play in this room. I was sitting here reading one afternoon when two or three young fellows came in in yachting clothes, and one of them, who looked like a boy of eighteen or nineteen, asked me if I wanted to play a game of billiards. I said I'd play him a couple of games, and the other two fellows went away and started to play pool. I soon found that he was no mean billiard player, and told him so. 'You must have started very young,' I said, 'to play as well as you do.'

"Billiards isn't my game," he said. "Pool's my game." That sounded rather like hot air, so I said. "I'll play you a game of pool."

"All right, rack 'em up," he said. I did.

"He called the shot off the break, and ran down the fifteen balls. 'Rack 'em up again,' he said; and he ran them down again.

"He did it five times in succession.

"Who are you anyway?" I fairly shouted at him, as he finally missed on the sixth break. He smiled and handed me his card.

"The name on it was that of Jerome Keogh. He had just won the championship of the world at Rochester, and had run over with some friends in a yacht after the match to recuperate."

A Notable "Scoop."

WHEN a newspaper gets ahead of its rivals in the publication of an important news item it is said to have made a "scoop" upon its contemporaries, and it is the object of every live newspaper and of every newspaperman worthy of the name to look ahead and lay his plans so that he can beat his rivals in the dissemination of important news. Such a "scoop" was made last week by the Ottawa Free Press, in the publication of the report of the Civil Service Commission.

As can be imagined, this report was of the most intense interest to Ottawa, which includes amongst its residents so many of the servants of the country. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that each of the Ottawa newspapers was anxious to secure first publication of the report. Unfortunately for the newspapermen the report was, when handed in, given into the custody of the Minister of Finance, who, although a veteran newspaperman himself, is the hardest Minister for any reporter to "work." Mr. Fielding will never divulge a Government secret, even to the most confidential of the inside circle of correspondents. The Ottawa newspapers tried in vain to procure from him an advance "look-in" at the report, but he was adamant. Not even the influence of the Premier, exercised in the interests of The Free Press, could persuade the Finance Minister to abandon his theory that it was his duty to keep the report an absolute secret until it was presented to Parliament.

This was the situation until a couple of hours before the report was laid on the table. The newspapermen who cover "the Hill" were in despair, because they knew that even if the report was presented immediately after three o'clock, there was certain routine to be gone through which would delay access to it until almost too late to be of any use. But Mr. E. Norman Smith, managing editor of the Ottawa Free Press (who, by the way, is well known to Torontonians as a former member of the staffs of The Mail and The Globe), is not a man to be baffled by such trifles as the determination of an obdurate Minister, and he so planned that his man on the Hill, Mr.

Fred. Williams (also a former Toronto newspaperman), was enabled to secure a copy of the report within five minutes of its presentation to the House. The result was that The Free Press published its first extra with the findings of the Commission inside of an hour of the tabling of the report; and that its second extra, with over eight columns of the findings and conclusions of the Commissioners, was on sale on the streets within two hours. It was a great "scoop."

When the extra of The Free Press reached the House of Commons the other boys in the Press Gallery, who were still slaving away at the original, were astounded, and at once cried: "Oh, it's a case of political pull." Some of them were so angry that they forced the question in the House as to why Mr. Fielding had favored The Free Press above all other newspapers, only to receive the statement from the Finance Minister that he had shown the report to no newspaperman, and that he had not given The Free Press any opportunity to grasp its contents.

And so it was proven that, despite the failure of the Liberal paper to be given any concession, it still beat out its contemporaries, solely upon the merits of newspaper "hustling." How it was done is, as our friend Kipling would say, "Another story!"

Who is Vice-President?

A CLASS in the Ottawa Model School gave this week a remarkable illustration of the superficial nature of the education afforded in even our higher institutions of learning, when the question was put: "Who is now Vice-President of the United States?" Not a boy could answer except the American-born son of a Toronto newspaperman, who is now sojourning in Ottawa, and he promptly replied: "Charles W. Fairbanks."

The teacher looked at the American lad for a minute and said: "Are you sure?"

"Sure!" said the boy.

Whereupon the teacher said: "Well, you are an American and you ought to know, but I thought it was J. G. Cannon."

The Caddie's Reply.

SOME men are masters of the retort courteous. They can convey volumes of criticism simply by the art of omission. They know what the forces of under statement means. This gift is by no means confined to men of high intellectual training, but is often found as an instinct in conversationalists who do not realize their own exceptional talent. A little story of the golf field will illustrate what is meant:

Some time ago Vardon, the great English golfer, came to Toronto and was persuaded to play an exhibition game on the links of the Rosedale Golf Club. As those who have played there are aware, a part of the course lies through an apple orchard. Vardon had his "man" with him, and at evening when many of the members were coming down town on the street car one of them happened to be seated beside the great golfer's caddie. Entering into conversation with him, he asked: "What did Mr. Vardon think of the links?"

"Well," replied the man, "I think if you were to ask him he would say that there were some uncommonly fine apples in that orchard."

How Reporters are Tempted With Bribes.

A NOT unexampled incident occurred at a political gathering in one of the villages of the province recently. A Minister of the Crown and two or three members from nearby ridings were present, and the party organ was represented by one of its reporters, who had come specially to record the event. During the meeting

one of the members signalled to a village organizer and said: "Who's that fellow writing over there?" "That's a reporter from Toronto. He came to report —'s speech" (naming the particular Minister of the Crown).

"Well, here's two dollars. Take it over to him and tell him to give me a good show in his paper!" ordered the politician.

The worker in the vineyard went over, sat down beside the reporter, and tendered him the cash with the request. The former promptly refused the money, much to the surprise of the other, who bore every evidence of being a good fellow.

"You'd better take it," he coaxed, "just to encourage him. He's light as the bark on a tree. This two dollars looks as big as twenty to the ordinary man."

The reporter intimated that even if it were a twenty it could make no difference, and the other said finally: "Well, you're foolish; this politics is a cruel game. I believe a fellow should take what he can when he gets a chance."

Unconsciously this humble worker in the vineyard had summarized the creed of a very large section of the community.

The experienced reporters have all refused bribes at one time or another, and, if any have accepted them they keep the matter to themselves; for in no calling is there a keener sense of what is decent form, and the acceptance of money for even such a harmless service as that alluded to would lead to the reporter's being distrusted by his fellows, did they learn of it.

The man who talks about "fixing" the press may usually be set down as a liar. On one occasion, however, a newspaper, at that time notoriously impudent, sent a man to another town to report a trial. A local merchant gave some unimportant testimony, and after the hearing was over he approached the reporter and offered him \$3 to leave out his evidence. As a matter of fact the newspaperman had already done so, but he took the money and wrote out a receipt for one year's subscription to his paper. Returning to Toronto he went to the proprietor and told him to have the new subscriber added to the list. The chief was pleased, and said: "I didn't know you were so foxy; where's the money?"

"You bet I'm foxy," said the reporter, "I spent it for expenses."

When the Captain Lay III.

A PROPOSAL of the story told by the Nova Scotia correspondent of SATURDAY NIGHT, is a similar one told the writer by the principal himself. The late Captain E. Zealand, of Hamilton, was laid up with fever in a foreign port, his boat being at anchor in the harbor. When the native doctor came to his room in the hotel to attend him,

he was so low that the doctor thought him unconscious, though he heard all that went on, and turning to the first mate, who was in the room, the doctor said:

"Well, the captain's about all in. You're a lucky fellow, for you'll come in for the vessel and cargo. Can't you secure some liquor from the ship's stores, so that we can celebrate?"

The mate assented and did so. Realizing his danger, and fearing they might kill him, but without letting them know he had heard what had transpired, Captain Zealand ordered that he should be taken on board his boat, and in the face of protests from both mate and doctor, the captain was taken out and his bed hoisted over the side of the boat. He then gave orders for the boat to leave the harbor, and once under way, placed the mate under arrest.

Captain Zealand said that he believed he would have died had he remained in the port, but when he overheard the conversation, his determination to save his boat and cargo, saved his life at the time.

\* \* \*

Urban Neighborhoods.

A COMIC tale of revenge with a slightly morbid coloring was unfolded in Toronto a week or so ago. It illustrates the troubles that are likely to arise from the urban system of families living close together. Almost the first thing that strikes the person from the country who comes to live in town is the entire absence of what in rural districts is known as neighborhood. The people

in one house hardly know by sight those who live next door, unless they happen to go to the same church or have some other ground of mutual interest.

Some months ago a family having enough means to embark on the hazardous enterprise, decided to move from one of the villages of York county to Toronto. The move was taken at the behest of the young people of the family. The eldest daughter got a position in a down-town office, a piano was rented, and in a semi-detached house the family settled down to the joys of city life. It was the piano that caused the trouble. Various members of the family used it with no great skill as the vehicle of a limited repertoire, in which "The Holy City" was the leading factor. Now the family next door was not unappreciative of music, but excellent in purpose as "The Holy City" is, it is apt to pall when heard at intervals daily from 7.30 in the morning to 10.30 at night. It might even lead irreverent persons to speak disrespectfully of Jerusalem to hear about it so often.

The people next door, after enduring it for a while, made a protest and requested that the newcomers play the piano less frequently. In the minds of the folk from the country they stamped themselves as vandals indifferent to the appeal of the noblest of arts, and "The Holy City" was heard even more frequently. A friend of the protesting family suggested a remedy. Why not get a piano also and play the other people down? The suggestion was acted upon and passersby in that locality could hear in one house strident young voices caroling "The Holy City" to a well thumped accompaniment, and in the other house an ungodly cacophony thundered forth on a tuneless instrument.

Then last week matters took a more serious turn. The family from the country planned a reprisal, which was carried out by the daughter from the office she worked in down town. One morning a black wagon drove up to the door of the people next door, whom we may as well call the Browns, and an undertaker and his assistants said they had been called to lay out the body of Mrs. Brown. They had received a telephone message telling them she was dead, and asking them to come at once and bring a coffin. Mrs. Brown, in full enjoyment of her health and vocabulary, sent them about their business. A few minutes later another undertaker's wagon arrived on the same errand. The same message had been received. Seven times during the day the same thing happened and three other undertakers proceeding to the house on a hurry-up commission were turned back by colleagues in the business who met them en route.

All day long the family from the country peeked out from behind the curtains and enjoyed the morbid comedy of the neighbors.

When the daughter came home from the office, listeners at the wall could hear whispered congratulations on the success of her joke.

This is but act three of the drama. What will be the outcome no one knows. Thus of the noble art of music deadly hate has been engendered.

\* \* \*

A Needless Question.

ONE of the characters of Ottawa is ex-Alderman Kilt, who is a very enterprising newsdealer and also a very enthusiastic citizen. He had the bad luck to be defeated at the last municipal elections in the capital, but he still keeps up his interest in civic affairs, and he is still a target for men of all ranks in life who want advice upon municipal problems.

Now, Mr. Kilt is as Irish-looking a man as one could meet in a day's walk, and he is proud of the fact. The other day a stranger entered his store, next door to the Central station, and asked: "Are you Mr. Kilt?"

"I am," replied the ex-alderman.

"Are you Irish?" asked the visitor.

"Are you blind?" was the rejoinder; and it was sufficient.

\* \* \*

A Rhymed Remembrance.

A COUPLE of weeks ago a preacher in one of our Toronto pulpits, in a sermon on the evils of city life, gave the following very practical advice: "Young men, do not make too frequent use of your latch-keys!"

The remark called to my mind a similar bit of advice I once received, in a somewhat different form. The story will appeal to persons who are bothered as the lady in question was.

I had a bedroom on the top flat of a three-story house, to which I very frequently returned in the wee small hours, long after the other inhabitants had retired, and wandered into the land of dreams.

The only other occupant of the top flat was a lady, who was of a somewhat nervous temperament. My midnight entrances used to worry her greatly, particularly as I on several occasions forgot my latch-key, and had to rouse the house before I could get in. This usually re-

sulted in several hours of wakefulness for the lady with the nerves, whose patience finally wore down to a raw edge, that finally led to a climax of an amusing nature.

The clock had just struck the hour of half-past one when I returned one night to find myself locked out, and with my latch-key reposing snugly in the pocket of my othes vest. I tried the windows with no success, and finally resorted to the disagreeable expedient of ringing the bell. I had been dingling it for some minutes, when a window upstairs was raised, and the voice of my nervous friend said: "What's wanted?"

In a stage whisper I explained the situation. The lady hunted up her own keys and threw them down to me; I entered, went upstairs, threw the keys over the transom with a whispered thanks and retired to my much-needed rest.

It appears, however, that my selfish forgetfulness had banished all sleep from the eyes of my nervous friend. After a vain endeavor to re-enter the haven of somnolence from which I had so rudely disturbed her, she arose, and lighting the gas, got paper and pencil, and wrote the following. It is a resolution in verse which, signed and kept, would prove an estimable boon to the poor, worried landlady and the distressed boarder:

"MIDNIGHT RESOLVE OF A GOOD LITTLE BOY."

"From henceforth I hope you will find,  
That I'll always endeavor to mind,  
That to grow big and strong,  
I must not tarry long,  
But by ten me in bed you shall find.

If perchance this resolve I should break,  
And ever again be out late,  
I shall see that my key,  
In my pocket shall be,  
Then no one shall know my sad state.

Now just you look out if I'm not  
The very best boy you have got,  
A model I'll be,  
Just return unto me  
Anyone who shows great lack of thought."

ANON.

Copyrighted midnight, Feb. 26th, 1905.

The copyright states that this effusion must be destroyed as soon as read. Will anyone who finds it please see that this is done?

"Anyone" found it, all right, and felt correspondingly chastened. The nervous lady had slipped it under his door, where it met his eyes when he awakened next morning. It was too good to be destroyed; and as the copyright has now expired, he gives other nervous boarders the benefit of the suggestion implied. If you are of a poetical turn of mind, try it.

I can testify to the efficacy of it. I always remembered to take my own latch-key thereafter.

\* \* \*

Began Fossil Hunting at Elora.

IN view of a

## AMATEUR NIGHT

By ROBERT TODD

FTER the regular performance, every Friday night, a couple of Toronto theatres amuse their patrons, and at the same time encourage—nay, welcome with open arms—those who desire to appear on a real stage, and bask for a while in the glory of the footlights. To the stage-struck one who cares more for the Almighty Dollar than for dramatic laurels, a tempting bait, in the shape of three cash prizes, is offered by the manager of each of these theatres. But to gain one of these prizes the would-be thespian must win the favor of the audience, and, ye gods, what a critical audience it is!

Every Amateur night the theatre is packed to the doors. The professional company is listened to attentively and appreciatively, but when a man appears and announces that the amateurs are ready, a roar that can be heard two blocks away, issues from more than a thousand throats.

The announcer gesticulates madly, and walks about the stage like a demented being, holding his hands up for silence, and shouting at the top of his voice, but all to no purpose. "Order, order," scream some of the leather-lunged ones, and the babel of noise finally subsides.

"The first on the programme," yells the announcer, "is Joe Bell, dancer."

Joe is newsboy, and has many friends in the gallery. "Hooray, Joe!" they shout. "Hooray! Good boy. Go it, Joe. Hooray, Hooray!"

As if to counteract the friendly impression thus created, others in the theatre who may be enemies of Joe's, or have friends behind whom they are anxious to see win the prizes, bawl out: "Get the hook. You're rotten. His-s-s-s. Get the hook!"

Joe seems flustered for a moment at his peculiar reception, but he plucks up courage, and dances a clog in a nervous, hesitating manner. While he is dancing there are spasmodic bursts from the audience, some yelling encouragement, and others hooting and jeering. Joe finishes his dance, and walks off the stage. The audience applaud wildly, and Joe steps to the proscenium, and bows as gracefully as an elephant.

"Arthur Stanley, singer," is the next on the list. The orchestra plays a few bars of a popular song, and Arthur, who is probably a driver, steps out for inspection. In a weak, quavering voice, he commences to sing something about "Neath the old cherry tree, Sweet Marie." The audience is unanimous this time. They don't want Sweet Marie. "His-s-s-s. Get the hook. Hook! Hook! Hook! You're rotten. Fierce! Give him the hook," they roar.

Arthur attempts to run off the stage, but he is not quick enough. The curtain is raised by several men, an a long pole, with a large hook attached, is thrust about his waist, and he is dragged beneath the curtain, to an accompaniment of much firing of blank cartridges.

"James Allen, comedian," is next announced. What a series of laughs this simple announcement evokes! For five full minutes there is one continuous roar.

James is blackened up—a real live minstrel, if you please—and to prove his right to the title, he carries an ancient suit-case. "When Ah was down in Gawgaw," he commences—and gets no further. "Get the hook. Hooray! Give him the hook. He's great. Get the hook. What's the matter with the hook?" the audience laughs and bellows. A sign bearing the words, "Skidoo. 23. Beat it," is let down from the flies, and a man standing in the wings beats the startled comedian over the head with a bladde, tied to a pole. Amid much laughter, yelling and applause, James dodges to the side of the stage, and escapes the hook.

"Now, gentlemen," says the announcer, "the next is an old favorite, Harold Baggs, hand balancer. Harold does a fair turn, and receives much applause; in fact, the only ludicrous thing about Harold is his name, and of course that's easily changed.

"Leonard, newsboy, singer," is next to appear. Leonard is a newsboy about twelve years of age. The audience admires him for his nerve, and applauds vigorously. In a sweet, untrained voice, he sings a pathetic song. His critics like the song so well that they bring him back and compel him to sing the chorus over again. While he is singing, some enthusiastic admirers throw silver onto the stage. These coins the announcer gathers up and gives them to the boy when he has finished the song.

"James Manning, comic singer," appears next. In a rich cockney dialect, James commences to sing "Nellie, my 'eart is 'ers." Hearts are not trumps with this male audience. They laugh, scream, stamp on the floor, and bellow for the hook.

James seems to think that he has not received fair treatment. He goes over to the announcer, and complains. The latter comes forward, and when the pandemonium has died away, he asks that James be given another chance. This the audience reluctantly grants, but James has not sung three lines of his song, when they demand that he get the hook, and accordingly hooked he is.

"Sin Yet, musical trio," are next on the programme. Three sleek Chinamen, neatly dressed in Christian clothing, play a droning chant on musical instruments that may be popular in their own country. But Canadians do not seem to appreciate this kind of music. "Get the hook. The hook. They yell, and the wily Chinese fly before the hook operator can do his duty.

"Allan Beers, dancer," appears, and dances acceptably, and retires amid scattered applause.

"Ed Brown, whistler," now enters the arena. Ed endeavors to give some cheeps, imitative of the mocking

bird, but the audience evidently dislikes nature fakirs, for it roars disapproval, and Ed makes a hasty and undignified exit.

"William Carswell, violinist," next struts out on the stage. William wears a long-haired wig, that looks as if it had been shorn from an old nag that was too aged to resent interference with its hirsute glory. On a \$2.75 violin William struggles to bring forth entrancing melodies. But alack and alas, the sounds that come from the violin remind one of the hum of the grindstone. So William disappears beneath the curtain, and the audience rejoices.

Last, but not worst, "Richard Reed, flutist," comes on, and plays some excellent solos on his instrument. He is enthusiastically received, and is compelled to respond to several encores.

The competing amateurs are now all brought on the stage and lined up. The announcer takes the first prize, and dangles it over the head of each of the contestants, the one receiving the greatest applause being adjudged the winner. In this case "Richard Reed, flutist," is given the trophy. The little newsboy, "Leonard Combs, singer," is awarded second, and the third prize is given to "Harold Baggs, hand balancer."

The show is ended, and the orchestra plays "God Save the King."

## Mr. Balfour on Tariff Reform.

BEING "on the fence," as we say in Canada, in regard to Tariff reform, Mr. Balfour does not show to advantage when this question comes before the British House of Commons. When the motion of Sir Joseph Leese on Free Trade was discussed on a recent evening the Opposition leader did not even put in an appearance until late. As P. T. O. says: "It was characteristic of his whole attitude to the mighty issues of Free Trade and Protection that for the greater part of the evening he was conspicuous by his absence. When the debate was nearing its end in he strolled, in evening dress, and, therefore, he had been dining out of the House; he rarely, if ever, changes his long frock-coat when he dines inside the House itself. This was too much for the triumphant Liberals. As they sat in their serried ranks, full of the infectious enthusiasm which Free Trade always excites among them, and listened to a debate which was going entirely in their favor, they saw this provocative entrance, the silent but eloquent defiance which was conveyed by this slim figure dressed in the garb of the careless diner-out, and apparently as remote from the debate of the evening as though the wearer dwelt in the farthest of the far stars. And therefore it was that there rose that hoarse, fierce cheer, quite different, though still an ironic cheer, from that which greeted poor boy Winterton (the young Earl Winterton had just spoken, and had been received with the cheers that are known as ironical), for there was no good nature and no good will in it, but scorn, defiance, bitter reminiscence.

Mr. Balfour can fight an uphill battle with great courage and tenacity; but there are occasions when he loses his nerve in an astonishing way. This generally occurs only when he is in an ambiguous position, and he is always in an ambiguous position when the Free Trade controversy is started. Some of his critics say that it is all his own fault, and that if he had only had the courage to take up the Free Trade side at the beginning of the struggle Tariff Reform and Mr. Chamberlain would never have risen to their present position. That may or may not be. It is at least possible that Mr. Balfour might have gone down, and the Party along with it. Anyhow, he did not have either the desire or the will to take up a definite position, and from that hour forward he has had to stand shivering on the brink of the Scylla of Aye and the Charybdis of No.

When, therefore, he is compelled to speak, he has to choose his words as warily as a man who is being cross-examined by Sir Charles Mathews on a charge of murder, and this gives to his speech hesitancy, ambiguity, a complete lack of that ease and lucidity for which he is remarkable. The confusion spreads from the speech to the man, and when he entered late on that night last week when Free Trade was under debate, he avoided his usual place of leader, seemed ashamed and isolated and humiliated—in short, his whole air and manner were the eloquent revelation of the Nemesis that pursues the man who halts between two opinions in this rough world of definite views.

## The New Tricks of War.

RECENT wars have taught a great many lessons, and several of these lessons seem to lay a somewhat exaggerated emphasis on the maxim "All is fair in love and war." Young Lochinvar carried off his lady by a trick, and it was by a trick that the Wooden Horse treacherously introduced the Greeks into Troy and led the way to the sacking of what had boasted to be an "unsacked city." The recent "little war" of England against the Zakhia Khol frontier men in Northern India which has, at this writing, reached a successful conclusion, illustrates this resort in war to certain devices from which some years ago, says The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette (London), "at first the frank and open British nature recoiled." As this journal further observes:

"When Cronje at Magersfontein fired black powder from certain guns placed on the side of the hills in order to deceive Lord Methuen as to the position of the rest of his guns, which used smokeless powder from a position higher up the slope, there was a tendency to term it a low trick. But process of time convinced us that such strategy was necessary in modern warfare, and when, at the battle of the Yalu, the Japanese formed artificial hedges to screen the movements of their guns and troops no objections were raised. In dealing with the cunning Zakhia Khol sniper our pickets are showing equal cunning, lighting fires at misleading points, and so forth. Now have they disdained to make use of the *fouga*, the mine laid where the enemy is expected to congregate—a feature of modern warfare which the siege of Port Arthur, both by land and sea, made us tolerably familiar with. Tricks these may be, but tricks that save valuable British lives and cut short a campaign in a wonderful way—tricks, too, that will play a large part in future warfare."

IT is rumored that sooner or later Mr. Brodeur will leave the Ministry and become a judge of the Supreme Court. "Why should he go to the Supreme Court?" asks the Toronto News. If he quits politics it will be because of his incompetence as an administrator. The Supreme Court is scarcely the place in which to shelve political failures.

WHEN Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, was in England after the Civil War, he was once provoked into saying: "I am so tired of hearing about the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock that I heartily wish Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrim Fathers."

## THE POINT OF VIEW

By REGINALD D. SMELLIE

HE other day, across the street, I saw my neighbor Jones, And attracted his attention by bombarding him with stones; My aim was truly excellent, I felt quite overjoyed, But that silly idiot Jones was unaccountably annoyed.

Some people haven't any sense of humor, And they fail to see a joke, however good; Now, instead of turning scrappy, I'd have said "Good shot, old chappie."

I am absolutely certain that I should.

Last evening I encountered Smith upon his monthly spree,

So I softly picked his pocket and secured his front door key;

He roused his wife at four o'clock, who swamped him with abuse,

And was most unsympathetic when he offered his excuse.

Some people haven't any sense of humor; For the lesson should do Smith a lot of good; But instead of being grateful—why, his manner's simply hateful,

He just cut me dead, and passed me where I stood.

As Mrs. Brown stepped from the kerb (it was a beastly day)

I politely hastened forward to escort her o'er the way;

We passed a puddle inches deep, the mud was smooth and thin,

Twas a splendid opportunity and so I pushed her in.

Some people haven't any sense of humor.

But I really was surprised at Mrs. Brown;

Such a nasty disposition for a woman of position.

It was very coarse, the way she called me down.

I decided that I'd scatter coals of fire upon her head, By a personal apology, before the day was sped,

So I called on her this afternoon—she waved me to a chair

That had just been freshly varnished, and I still am sticking there.

Some people have a poor idea of humor:

She is one of them, and goes a bit too far.

For she said "This is a pleasure, now apologize at leisure!"

"Till you do, I'm going to leave you where you are."

## A Duke Compares Houses of Parliament.

"THERE are few who would not prefer to be an M.P. rather than a Peer," writes the Duke of Argyll in The Pall Mall Magazine for April. "There is all the difference between youth and age. The House of Commons is invigorating and youthful; the House of Peers is depressing and aged. You hear more fun in the Commons smoking-room in an evening than you do in the Peers' library in lifetime.

The Commons debates are generally interesting, and are especially enjoyable when you have not to take part in them. An ideal Commons existence is to know men and what they are doing, to hear all that is going on, and to take part in all that is happening, without having to talk thereon. If you do, the best House of Commons manner is an informed argument, delivered with force and loudness, with 'the ginger' of personalities, as good-naturedly administered as possible.

The best House of Lords manner is that of a confidential physician with a good bedside manner, without any visible feeling beyond that of an exceedingly respectful sympathy. Of course there are histrionic and firework orators on both sides, who 'draw a House,' and speak to break the backs of opponents' influence, and also the backs of the ladies who crane over the galleries to listen to them. But the real battle is in the country. It is they who make the Commons. They don't make the Lords as a body. Interest, therefore, settles on the Commons. So does the excitement.

It is an unfounded assumption that the Peers have little to do. It is true that, as in the Commons, a man may 'take it easy,' and the abstention from much talk either in the House or at public party meetings is not the least valuable quality of many of the Peers. Such silence and comparative detachment is more favorable for the formation of a cool judgment than is the 'huck-in-harness' condition of mind evolved by the crack of the Party Whip. Independence and individual thought are not bad elements in a chamber of revision. Nor is it by any means inconvenient to have a number of men from whom can be selected the committees which have to weigh evidence and report on the many matters awaiting their decision.

No one need imagine that because the Lords meet later and rise earlier than do the Commons the output of work is less. The work of their tongues is often less, the work of their brains is often—well, let us say, to be respectful—equally great. No one has yet suggested that, in the sphere of law and justice, the verdict of a lower court if twice repeated should supersede the verdict of the higher court. No one has called the first court 'the people,' or said that a verdict which the grumbler dislikes means the police magistrate and 'the People against the Peers.' Yet this is the cry in politics. It might read otherwise.

"It might read, 'the People and the Peers against the Prime Minister's Precipitation.' An Upper House, however imperfect it may be, should always be allowed the power of asking that the people consider again the evidence on any important question before they finally confirm or modify their judgment formed on first impressions. This is the lesson taught and maintained by all the great English-speaking democracies."

IT takes the mob quite a while to catch up with the ideas of the philosophers. They're generally a few centuries behind; but they've got to get there at last. The mob of to-morrow, says Mrs. de la Pasture, will be an educated mob—not a blind force, led with a string by a little dog of a tyrant. And the millions of to-day have mostly sprung from the mob. They know the realities of life and work. They know that indulgence in personal luxury deteriorates the individual mentally and physically, and they know that display and ostentation rouse contempt instead of awe among their fellow-creatures.

## WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY

THE correspondence editor of a certain paper, being suddenly called away on account of bereavement in her family, a bright young man on the staff was told to do his best for a week or two. One week convinced the managing editor that he was too good to be wasted on that column. Here is his output:

Nerlina Jones.—Should you accept the usher's arm to go up the aisle at a swell wedding, when your husband accompanies you to the ceremony? It depends upon so many things, dear Nerlina. Is the usher a big man—bigger than your husband? Is your husband touchy or even-tempered? Do you like the usher very much? Ask yourself these questions, and by the answers govern your conduct. Do write again. I shall be dying to know what happens!

Amabel.—What shall you do to get rid of blackheads? Why get rid of nature's gift, foolish girl? But if you are determined, then try pyroxide; wash your head in soda and pearlaine, a cupful to a gallon of hot water. That will likely fade you out. And how many heads have you, Amabel? Or are you matron of an orphans' home? In your case, if it's only your own head that is black, perhaps it would be best to shave your head and apply ice. Oh, no—I should say, buy a golden toupee. You can get beauties for \$6.99, and if you send a stamped and addressed envelope and are a good little girl, I'll tell you where.

John O'Reilly.—Put me next to a nice girl—I want to get married." Sure, John. I see by your writing that you are a robust, red-headed and combative Irishman. Our cook has a daughter just finishing a piano course at the Abbey. She's your sort. Send stamped and addressed envelope.

Susette.—What hats are fashionable? Merry Widows. What style would suit a fair young girl of about twenty-two? Well, judging from your stationery, Susette, I fancy you are not full of bullion: judging from the patchouli on it, you're not keenly scent-sitive, and your chirography reveals that you have a thirty-inch waist measure. Don't give more than \$2.98 for the hat. It would be money wrongly squandered.

A Bank Clerk.—Morning, Willie! What is the correct form in which to write thanking your hostess for a pleasant motor trip? Why, Willie, have you neglected your opportunities of vocal expression? In case you really want to write, for some other reason, you may add a postscript as follows: "Thanks, many, for a ripening time in the choo choo!" But I shouldn't if I were you. The note might miscarry. There isn't the least need for you to thank a hostess these days. Don't you know, you guileless bill-pusher, that such usage is very out of date? She should thank you for spending valuable time escorting her about.

Gwendolyn.—Your writing is not suitable for study. You don't know how to write. My little sister, seven years old, can do better. Come back in about ten summers, and I'll see what I can do for you.

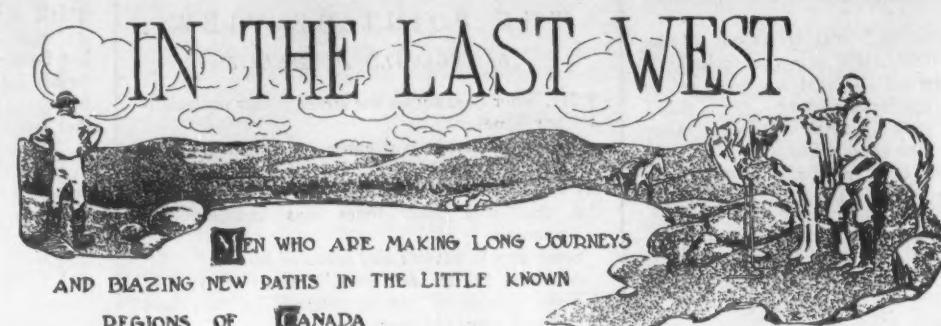
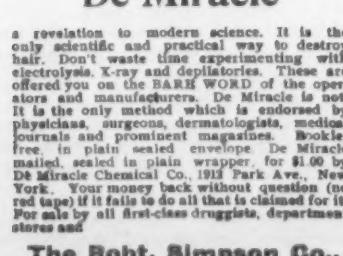
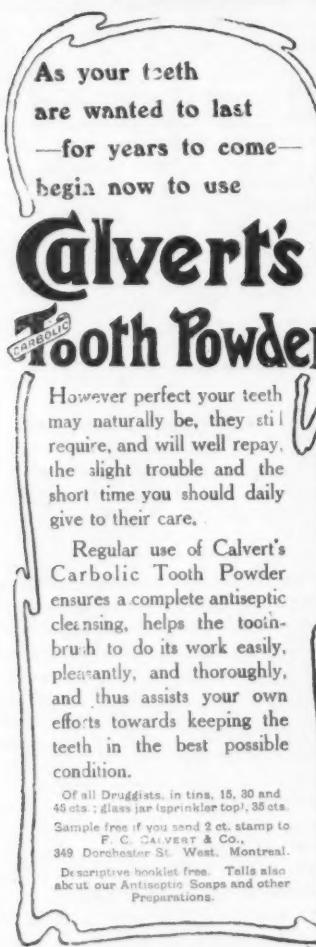
Financier.—This is the sort of letter warms my heart. To whom would I recommend you to bequeath your fortune? Send stamped and addressed envelope for full particulars. Don't bother with the city charities at all. They have more than they can spend. Answer at once!

Ill-used Wife.—You have come to the wrong shop, dear lady. It is one of the things one learns by experience—never to interfere between husband and wife. Try boiling water next.

## Punch on Kipling.

PUNCH pokes a little fun at Rudyard Kipling's habit of praising John Bull's boys at the expense of the old gentleman:

I am about to speak of England and those whose misfortune it is to live there. I speak of England with respect. I have tried to do what I can for the country, but everybody can realize that the efforts of one man must be useless—especially when the rest are living in an iodiform-scented fog of sentimental miasma. For two years they've been living there, and it is not dispelled yet. Men of the blood despise them. You can hear South Africa shouting her scorn from Table Mountain, while Australia responds with derision from the banks of the Wagga-Wagga. Wherever there is a colony the doors have been shut and bolted and barred. Even the black man of the remoter bushcurls a contemptuous lip when you tell him about empire. Only yesterday I happened to be speaking to a young Fijian about the motherland. I dwelt on her glories, her steamers, her locomotives, her motor-cars, her bayonets, her big guns, her ports, and her imperial politicians. "Me no eat," he remarked, and the conversation fell flat. That is what the government has made of England in two short years. To-day a Canadian took me to Canada. He was laughing all the way. "Don



MEN WHO ARE MAKING LONG JOURNEYS  
AND BLAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN

REGIONS OF CANADA

THE far Northwest of the Dominion has several great rivers and many large ones. There are also many lakes, big and small, all through that vast region. These teem with valuable fish, upon which the Indians largely subsist, and which will be equally valuable to settlers when the north becomes an agricultural country. Mr. H. A. Conroy, of the Department of Indian Affairs, who has spent eight or nine years travelling through the district north of Edmonton, has much valuable information to give regarding the fisheries there.

Along the Peace river from Vermilion, until you get to Lake Athabasca, there are low, rocky shores without timber, but the waters are full of fish. Immense quantities are taken every year. There are white fish, greyling, pike and many other kinds, but no sturgeon as far as the witness knew. At the east end of Lake Athabasca there are Indians. The Indians all through this country make their living mainly by hunting and fishing. The principal varieties of fish are trout and whitefish. Mr. Conroy had seen trout weighing twenty pounds. These lakes are full of fish. Twenty-eight, thirty and forty pounds are common weights for trout. That is just the "white-

hundred, and fifty feet on the level, and then down a bank and strike another bench. So you go down from one bench to another until you get to the river bed. It is a nice easy country to make roads in. The soil is good. There is no rock in that country. The highest bench would be probably a mile and a half, maybe more, from the river.

When the Peace river district is reached, via the route taken by Mr. Conroy, the altitude is very high, probably higher than it is at Edmonton. It is certainly over 1,000 feet from the top of the bank down to the bottom of the river—tremendous banks. The country, as witness understood it, is very fine. Bunch grass grows all along the north side clean through to the Hayes river. He had

information as to this country from Indians and half breeds, and they say bunch grass grows all along the way. Shortly after striking the Peace Dunvegan is reached. On the south side of that is the Spirit river country that witness had already described.

This country north of Dunvegan, all along the river, is in the opinion of Mr. Conroy, fit for agriculture on both sides and for any distance back. Of course, you have to go up to the top of the banks to get the land. Fine

\$350 (three hundred and fifty dollars) divided as follows:

For the best essay on the questions propounded below—viz., A, B, and C, relating to:

1. The Province of British Columbia, \$50.

2. The Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, \$50.

3. The Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, \$50.

4. The Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, \$50.

A. Enumerate the nationalities and also give number of languages spoken in the provinces written upon.

B. Outline the requirements of such provinces to insure continuous, reasonably rapid development and with harmony.

C. State the countries from which immigration should be drawn and the best method of attracting and successfully inducing such immigration to the provinces in question, having due regard to existing trade conditions.

For the most exhaustive, lucid essay on the questions as below, viz., D, E, and F, respecting Canada as a whole, I will offer a first prize of \$100, and a second of \$50.

D. Enumerate the nationalities now resident in Canada; also give number of languages spoken:

E. Outline the requirements necessary to insure continuous, reasonably rapid development, and with industrial harmony:

F. State from what countries should immigration be drawn and the best method of attracting and successfully inducing such immigration to Canada, having due regard to existing trade conditions.

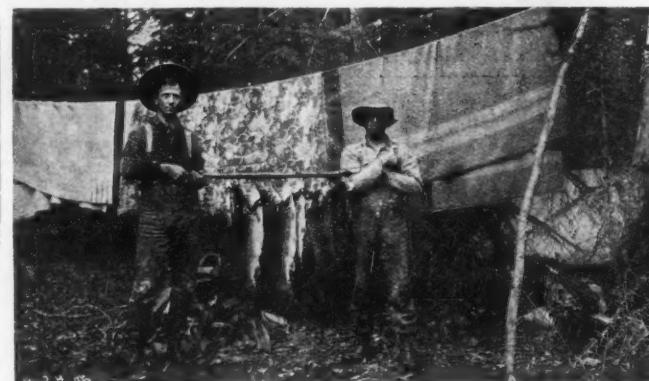
The prizes, at the option of each winner, may be taken in money, a piece of silver suitably engraved, or presented to any of the public charities. The competition is to close on the 1st of May next, and letters should be addressed to Immigration, P.O., Drawer 690, Victoria, B.C., the same not to be opened except by committee, are unlimited as to length, but must be signed or accompanied by the card of the writer, with memo on the face of the envelope, indicating the contents of the enclosure. Well known political economists and educationalists of Canada will be requested to judge and award the prizes for these essays, my intention being to publish them in pamphlet form and distribute broadcast, in the hope that such distribution will afford to the several provinces information respecting each other.

Would that I had the power to compel all interested in mining or timber, professional men and manufacturers, agriculturists and cattle men, financial and business men, labor men and capitalists, young and old, men and women, to consecrate themselves to the cause of Canada in the truest and highest sense, which in my humble opinion, lies in creating and fostering a development by wisely using our natural resources and judiciously seeking additions to our population.

A CITIZEN of British Columbia, Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, offers several prizes for essays on the immigration question. In a letter to the press he points out that it is our duty to strengthen the bond between Canada and the Mother Country, and that the future of the Dominion depends upon the character, not the number of her people. Continuing, he says:

"In approaching this greatest of national questions, the first thought that presents itself is the diversity of our requirements. For example, it is obvious that the labor necessary to properly develop the province of British Columbia would be more or less unsuitable for the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Going further east, not only do agriculture and fruit-growing employ a great amount of labor and contribute largely to the national wealth, but in the centres of population in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec are to be found many of our larger manufacturing industries, and artisans and labor of other classes are therefore demanded; in the Maritime Provinces still other conditions obtain; consequently governments, statesmen and political economists throughout Canada may and should address themselves with profit to this all-important subject. Where are we to secure the expected and necessary population? Can such additions be taken—or brought from the English-speaking peoples? If so, what proportion can these people contribute?"

As to the essay writing competition, this is Mr. Flumerfelt's offer: I will offer prizes to the value of



Fishing in the Far North  
The photograph shows the result of trawling for ten minutes from shore on the Pine River, a tributary of the great Peace River.

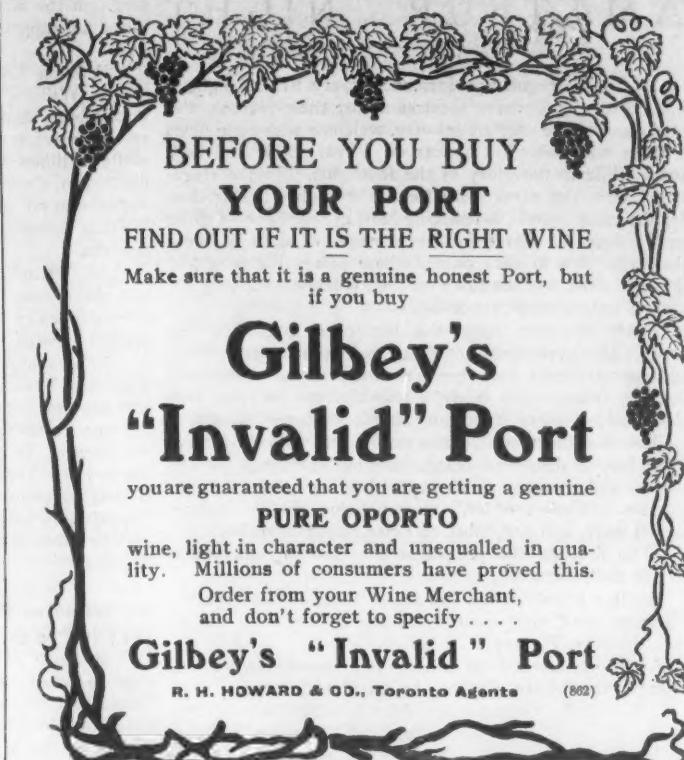
fish trout." They have a salmon trout, a whitefish trout and a rainbow trout up in the mountains. There is untold wealth in those lakes. In the northern waters they have whitefish, herring and trout. There is nothing done commercially in the matter of fishing. The Hudson Bay Company do not feed the fish to the dogs. Mr. Conroy thought that if there were more fish taken out of the lakes it would be better for the fish. The fish get better after a quantity were taken out. The Indians dry some of them. They can smoke a fifty pound fish and try it. The Indian will cut up his in the summer and dry it.

The Peace river at the Peace River Crossing is about 600 or 700 yards wide. The water is very deep in places. There is no rapid. It is swift water. From the mountains there is a clear stretch of navigation down to the Chutes, a distance of nearly 600 miles. As you go north the river gets wider. It is navigable from the Athabasca lake up to the Chutes. The Hudson Bay Company run a steamer up to the Chutes, and another from the Chutes to the Rocky Mountains. The Chutes consist of two falls, one probably nine feet high and the other about fourteen feet, and these occur within probably a mile and one half or more.

There are many opportunities for landing.

BETWEEN the Little Smoky river and the Lesser Slave lake, says Mr. H. A. Conroy, referring to the Peace River Country, in his evidence recently given before a committee of the Senate, the country is open. Along the banks of the Little Smoky the spruce grows very large, the largest of any until you come to the Peace river.

The timber on the banks of the Smoky river is tall. The banks of the river are seven or eight hundred feet above the bed of the river. The banks of the Peace are a thousand feet high, and this part of the Smoky is not very far from the Peace river. The banks of the Smoky river go in benches. You go a hundred or a



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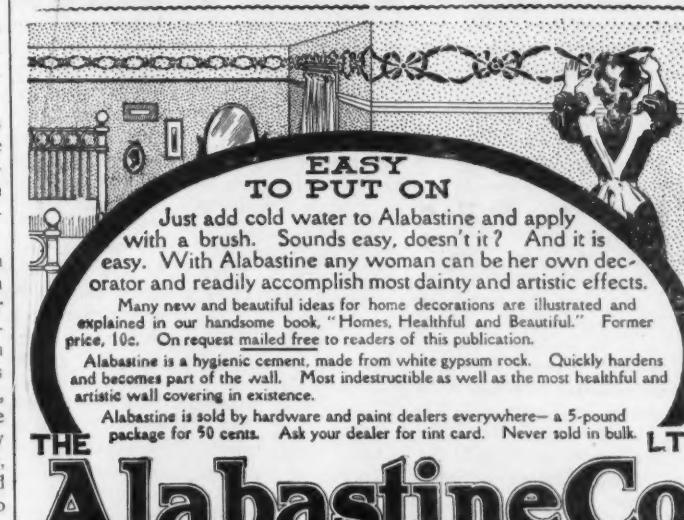
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**Lady Gay's Column**

NUMBERS of letters have been written recently about the murderous practices of those desiring to escape motherhood and shame, or merely motherhood and responsibility, and if I were to publish some of the burning words which have reached me, as writer of this decorous column, it would read like a penny dreadful. I shall not publish nor discuss these letters, which are sufficiently trying to read, think over and destroy. Stern, strong, bitter words have been written by men on this subject and to such men I have something to say. The other day a poor, erring girl, who either did not know, or would not avail herself, or could not pay the price of quick relief from motherhood, brought a child into the world, a child without a name, a little morsel of life that she suffered for and loved. Tottering from the hospital to the home of her mother and step-father, carrying her tiny babe, she sought shelter. Do any of you men who have written scathing tirades against weak and erring girls who evade motherhood, remember what happened to this poor girl who accepted its burden? A man drove her from the door, a stepfather loudly announced that if her mother gave her shelter he would forsake the home of which he was the head. This man evidently did not believe in the ideas you others talk about so glibly. His harsh authority was recognized and so it happened that the poor girl and her infant were succored by good-hearted people of no birth or kin to them. Owing to the meagreness of comfort in their home, the lack of protection against damp and cold, although they generously gave her the best they had, the little baby died, and the young mother told her sad experience, kneeling weeping over its tiny corpse. Isn't this one sort of object lesson to weak and erring girls, to the effect that it's a pretty poor scheme to brave maternity and shame? If a woman had turned that mother and child out, it might have been just a shade worse, but as a man did it, and as men are saying severe things just now, they may as well consider this case, happening while we are talking tall about the cowardice, wickedness and selfishness of race suicide.

To anyone who loves books of places, "Carette of Sark," John Oxenham's last novel, will provide delightful hours. The Channel Islands have always given inspiration to good story-writers; Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" we owe to his exile in one of these Islands. Sark is a little member of the Channel group, but it bred lusty men and brave, and the beauty of Carette was worthy of any country. A little map, with all the places mentioned in the story clearly indicated, helps one to read and imagine accurately all the passings to and fro of the various characters. Copp, Clark Co. publish this volume, and the illustrations are fascinating photos of Sark, taken especially for this book.

LADY GAY.

**Correspondence Column**

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent. The following regulations are to be observed: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. Letters must be written in ink, and in ink only, unless unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 2. Correspondents must be willing to have their studies studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Dimples.—I am sorry you have lost your delineation and in justice to the scores in waiting I regret to refuse you a second. August 28 brings you under Virgo, an earth sign, of which you are, so far, a favorable development. It is the sign governing all personal comforts, physical requisites, sanitation, hygiene, etc. Virgo persons are naturally fond of their kind, anxious to help both in physical and mental need, even interfering in affairs of the heart. They love to lead and are good at it, if they reserve a modest estimate of their own worth. They are practical, busy, and generally successful in their chosen career, if it be honestly entered and truthfully pursued.

Marguerite E.—Your birthday, July 1, brings you under Cancer, a water sign, and often the people born under it furnish a paradox to their friends. You are frank and emphatic in expression and influenced by a tinge of melancholy or pessimism which may be only temporary caused by illness or trouble, but shows plainly. You are not gifted with the hand that commands success. You lack culture and experience but have good natural ability. You also have a streak of determination and some originality and facility. Cancer is a progressive sign, fond of the beautiful and artistic, likes a handsome appearance and fine surroundings, and have much aptitude in learning new things. If you are, as I fancy, still quite young, study to avoid all morbid, sad and depressing subjects and sights. They harm Cancer folk more than most others. A simple life, which doesn't appeal to those under this sign, plain clothing, which they generally dislike, and absence of striking jewels are best for them.

Americano.—June 4, brings you under Gemini, an air sign. Your life will be a failure, or at best a very tardy success, unless you give your serious thought to making up your mind on a career which suits you, and sticking to it. The hardest problem in the world for a Gemini is to settle down. You haven't arrived at any sure conclusion yet, but don't ever say you don't know why you can't do so, because I am telling you. Gemini is double-minded, Castor and Pollux, were convincing and true. The Sas-

enach audience was sprinkled with Celts who understood; a great many pale Irish were in it, and they took a holy joy in what was to outsiders incoherent and foolish talk. Only the awe which these old sage breed in me kept my sense of humor dull, as I heard the restless wonder what it was all about, and the trifling remarks on the charms or grotesqueness of the cast. Never since I heard a Podunk woman describe Parsifal in her native "American" have I heard so many queer criticisms and comments as at the Irish play of Dierdre. The other Irishwoman and I mourned over the golden hair and the splendid form of the blue eyed Dierdre of our dreams, and also over the three stalwart invincible sons of Usna, Naisi and his brothers, swarthy-haired and keen-eyed, who were *not* *est*, but you can't bring Holy Island and her ancient heroes and goddesses into Massey Hall! The scenery was so good that we each thought we knew the very hills, the very winding river and changing skies, and spite of preconceived notions of the play, it was well worth daring the shocking tempest of rain to witness it.

Outlaw.—We have a number of subscribers up there. I wish some of the smart ones would send us sketches of life in that far region. Isn't it a bit fierce at times? Your writing is strong and tenacious, dominant, rational, ambitious, adaptable, likely to be exceedingly careful in your work and finish. You are determined, but not aggressive, reticent, inclined to thrift, and very just in your judgment. You waste no time in ceremony, having the main idea always in mind. Ain't you a Scotchman. You are fairly convinced of your own worth and would be likely to amass money if ever you get a half chance.

Satisfied Almost.—"I am a very comfy girl, and have no use in the world, any world, I suppose I mean, for a harp and a halo. I'd far rather have a becoming hat and a piano." Very good, I don't see much danger of your being pursued by the things you have no use for. The way you tangle up your loops and lines is said to show confusion of ideas, but I have not found that always the case. But in yours I think it indicates with other lines a struggle between the heart and the head, between desire and duty. Inconsistency is also shown. You are loquacious and quick minded, thought flies quickly with you, and leads expression a breathless race. The impulse is wilful and erratic and some selfishness is evident. You have the loop of clannishness, showing fondness for your own people, and the slant of sentimentality, the droop of the final in "miserable" attests to the state of your mind as you wrote it. February 6 brings you under Aquarius, addicted to laziness and the blues. A very wise man says to these people, "You are not here only to eat, drink and be merry, so don't live in the senses too much." In illness or trouble, quiet, composure and belief in your recovery will give your planetary and solar forces a chance to assist you and they will bring you through all right. Judging by your writing, composure and patience are not your strong traits.

Simcoe.—Rather a good one, fair Sir, if I do you justice. You are fairly generous, sensible, logical and discreet. You believe in family and would appreciate culture, have buoyant aims, but sometimes despond unduly. It is a writing needing love, encouragement and inspiration to bring out its real value. It will attain fine results. August 29 brings you under Virgo, a practical earth sign. Give much attention to your higher nature; it's well worth developing.

Biliee B.—Here's a personal "touch," my good sir, and many acknowledgments of your nice letter, rather different from the stereotyped "six lines of original matter." Your writing shows physical activity, if not special force, excellent temper, easy flow of thought, some liking for ceremony, and love of social intercourse. No hermit could write your lines. Hope, reasonable ambition, honest and conscientious work, orderly method, probably care to please superiors, no wish to dominate, ingratiating and pleasant manner, and generally "easy" disposition. It is not a typical Taurus hand. (May 11) lacking the animalism and strength of passion often found under that influence, but its mildness may mask hidden possibilities, under the proper provocation. How would Taurus mate with Gemini? Such a refined Taurus as you might get along very well with an air child, but remember the difference in your natures and let her be "uncertain, coy and hard to please," without disturbing you. Taurus married is Taurus doubly blessed, if he only gets a suitable mate.

Tattycom.—Don't worry, the answer was meant for a very different person, who besought my consideration of a scheme you'd have more sense than to suggest. I can't be responsible if you and another choose similar names. I take things as they come, like the festive burglar, my dear.

Ecce Homo.—Oh, I see you all right, my good brotherkin. You write like a nice little school miss! You'd like to sit by me as I work and watch the varied thoughts chase each other across my face? Well, you'd sit there about one half minute, you homo person, before the thought would chase itself your way, and you'd land down 79 steps! What sort of rubbish do you think a woman of sense will stand?

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"MARY'S LAMB," the new musical comedy by Richard Carle, will be the attraction at the Princess Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Carle himself heads the cast, as he did when he was last here, in "The Spring Chicken." This time the elongated comedian appears as Leander Lamb, the hen-pecked husband of Mary Miranda Lamb, whence the title of the piece. As he did in the case of "The Spring Chicken," Mr. Carle has used an old and tried French farce as the basis of his musical play. This time he has Americanized "Madame Monogodin," which ran for two years in Paris and enjoyed several long runs in London under its English title, "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." Mr. Chas. Hawtrey only last year playing it for six months at the Variety Theatre in London, with Miss Billie Burke as his leading woman.

Leander Lamb, the hen-pecked hero in "Mary's Lamb," after having been dominated for twenty years by his shrewish wife, at last enters into a flirtation with a retired actress, Sylvia Montrose. He meets the actress in the studio of an artist friend, where the two are observed by Mary Miranda, the teremant. To escape his wife's wrath, Leander pretends to be walking in his sleep. This scene is only one of the many that provide unbounded mirth, for aside from its musical setting, "Mary's Lamb" is a rattling good farce.

Mr. Carle has excellent support, one of his principals being the former Toronto singer, Mr. John B. Park. Mr. Park has the part of the artist and sings "My Madagascar Maid," one of the best songs in the play. Other principals are Miss Jeanette Lowrie, a clever comedienne, Miss Lida McMillan, Miss Edith St. Clair, Miss Bertha Mills, Miss Winifred Gilraine, Miss Rita Stanwood, Miss Marion Mills, Miss Evelyn Richman, Miss Carmen Espinoza, Messrs. Frank Belcher, Ray Youngman, Harry Montgomery, Abbott Adams and others. The chorus is even better than that which appeared in "The Spring Chicken," and that aggregation was excellent. The young women appear as cow-girls, Dutch-girls, models, grissettes and society girls, one of the features being their posing as living models in a shadowgraph.

Mr. Carle has written some very popular songs for "Mary's Lamb," the best being "Betsy's Belle of the Bathers," "I Idolize Id," "If No. 1 Met No. 2," "My Madagascar Maid," "Never Borrow Trouble" and "We're Hollandaise."

There will be a matinee of "Mary's Lamb" next Wednesday.

If the success of "Brewster's Millions" may be measured by the crowded houses, by the genuine enjoyment of scenes at once smart, amusing and exciting, and by a competent company of players headed by Edward Abeles in the character of Montgomery Brewster (the Monty) and Miss Mary Ryan, the leading ingenue, as Margaret Grey (Peggy), the verdict must be that its success is most pronounced. It will be good news to theatregoers that the play is again coming to the Princess Theatre on Thursday evening next, and will be presented during the latter half of the week.

The success of the farce undoubtedly rests upon the clever situations invented by George Barr McCutcheon, who wrote the now celebrated story. The dramatic version is by Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley.

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ago will be pleased to learn that next week the Royal Alexandra English players will present a sumptuous revival of that always amusing farcical comedy, "The Private Secretary." This revival will also prove a treat to the newer generations who have never had an opportunity of seeing the comedy.

As it is generally known, "The Private Secretary" is a translation of "Der Bibliothekar" of Gustav von Moser. The adaptation to be used here is that made by Charles Hawtrey for his own use at the Theatre Royal, where it was first produced in 1883. The following year it was performed at the Princess Theatre in London, where it had a run of about two years, and was first seen in Toronto when it was produced by William Gillett.

The character of the Rev. Robert Spalding, the Secretary, the timid little clergyman with his goloshes, goods and chattels, and "Do you know," will be well remembered. Another character that stands out is Mr. Cattermole, the peppery old Anglo-Indian who returns to England to look up his nephew, Douglas Cattermole. The elder Cattermole, who is very wealthy, has given his nephew, Douglas Cattermole, strict instructions to sow his "wild oats" while young. Douglas and his friend Harry Marsland, have faithfully carried out the old man's wishes. In fact they have gone beyond them, and have run into debt wherever they could get credit. While they are being harassed by their creditors, and writ-servers, they decide to pay a visit to Harry's uncle at his country seat, and thus escape the annoyances of being "dunned" for money. Just at this juncture Mr. Marsland has engaged a "private secretary," the Rev. Mr. Spalding. Spalding comes to the London apartments of the two young men just as they are leaving. They prevail upon him to live in their rooms until they return. After their departure the fiery Mr. Cattermole arrives, thinks the week and mild Mr. Spalding is his nephew, and becomes disgusted with him for being such a "milk and sops" young man, instead of the wild young fellow he expected the nephew to be. There are many amusing scenes between them. The secretary's greatest trouble is looking after his goloshes and goods and chattels.

Cattermole, Sr., becomes disgusted with his supposed nephew and decides to visit his old friend, Marsland, where the real nephew has gone in the guise of the secretary. Cattermole had not seen his nephew since he was a child and did not recognize him, but Douglas knows at once that this is the wealthy old uncle of whom he had great expectations. Since their arrival there, the two young men lost no time in making love to the young ladies at every opportunity, especially when Miss Ashford, the old maid chaperone, is out of the way. Spalding follows and when Cattermole sees him he tries to get him to return to London, as he is ashamed to let his old chum Marsland know that he has a nephew whom he considers a disgrace on account of his "goody goody" ways, and also on account of his wearing a blue ribbon temperance badge. To make matters more ludicrous Miss Ashford, who is an ardent spiritualist, thinks Spalding is a medium. This so confuses the timid little man that he thinks that he is in a lunatic asylum and that every one he meets is a patient. When the denouement comes Cattermole, Sr., is delighted to find that his

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nephew is a young scamp after all and takes him in his arms. Douglas marries Marsland's daughter Edith, and Harry Marsland marries the ward, Eva; and the Rev. Mr. Spalding, after his many trials and tribulations is finally installed as the "Private Secretary" with his goloshes and all his goods and chattels safe.

Matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday.

Eddie Foy, the New York favorite, made his appearance at the Princess this week in the musical comedy of English origin, "The Orchid." The performance is a succession of vaudeville "stunts," all well done, by excellently trained people. And any

one who refused to laugh at the turns of Eddie Foy himself was either prejudiced against eccentric comedians all and sundry, or suffering from a bilious attack. Flavia Arcaro made a decided hit with her song, "No Wedding Bells for Me." The company included several other very capable entertainers. On the whole "The Orchid" is extremely diverting for all who enjoy such a performance—and many do.

At Shea's next week Manager Shea has provided a big bill, which will include Valerie Bergere, who will appear in her highly successful one-act play "The Morning After the Play."



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**MASSEY HALL | MON., APR. 13**

Res. seats 75c, \$1, \$1.50; balcony front, \$2.  
Sale of seats begins Wednesday morning.

The criminal habit of throwing orange peel on the sidewalk is responsible for the death of Pauline Lucca, the famous operatic soprano. Eight years ago, she stepped on a piece of peel in Vienna and fell, sustaining injuries from which she suffered all these years till death released her. For the last ten years she was a widow, the mother of a single child, a cripple. Since October 30, 1899, she had not sung a note; no music was ever heard in her house, the piano having been removed. She left to her daughter property valued at \$40,000. In the height of her career she was so popular that few ever asked what she was going to sing. The mere name of Lucca in the cast sufficed to fill the house every time.

Rubinstein disapproved of marriage for musicians. Just before his death he spoke sadly of his Russian lady pupils. "What have I wasted all my time on them for?" he asked irritably. "Every one married! It's too provoking! Here they are, spoiled forever for art life. What did they study for?" The London Musical World remarks that "those who ask why we have no great lady composers may be left to think on these things."



**M**R. R. H. M. FLETCHER gave an interesting and convincing demonstration of the valuable educational work he is doing in the city in the training of inexperienced chorus singers, at the concert of the advanced section of the People's Choral Union, at Massey Hall, on Tuesday evening last, before an audience that filled the auditorium. The word "advanced" is somewhat misleading, for, as a matter of fact, the chorus graduated from the elementary chorus of last season, and the results obtained in so short a time were therefore all the more creditable and surprising. The concert demonstrated that Mr. Fletcher has educated his vocalists to sing with a freedom and earnestness which remind one of an enthusiastic German choir, especially in the male section, and has also developed to an unexpected extent musical quality of tone. A particular instance of control of soft singing was illustrated in Praetorius' "Lo, How a Rose e'er Blooming," a very engaging composition, in which the women's voices were heard to advantage. Other numbers of a more vigorous nature were Costa's "With Sheathed Swords," rendered with plenty of vim and power, and the "Sing Praises" from Liszt's "Graner" mass. Humorous essays were made in Caldicott's "Where are you going my pretty Maid," which was received with fervid applause, and Othengraven's "Rosemary," for men's voices. The choir had the advantage of the assistance of such accomplished solo singers as Mme. Le Grand Reed, Mme. Bessie Bonsall and Mr. Ruthven McDonald. Mme. Le Grand Reed's principal number, as exemplifying the art of the finished vocalist was in the aria from Puccini's "La Tosca," while her vivacity and felicity of mood were in evidence in several genre pieces. Mme. Reed was given a unanimous encore after the Puccini number and a second encore after her group of three songs. Mme. Bonsall made her most pronounced artistic impression in Hummel's prayer from "Matilda," which was finely phrased and delivered with an expressively shaded quality of voice. Mme. Bonsall was, of course, recalled several times and had to give an extra number. Ruthven McDonald won a pronounced triumph in Handel's robust aria, "O Rudder than the Cherry," which he rendered with telling voice and in eminently virile style. He also was encored with much enthusiasm. The able accompanists of the evening were Miss Jesse Perry, Mrs. Gerard Barton, Miss Grace Fletcher and Mrs. J. R. Page. Miss L. Williams sang very sweetly the solo part in Costa's Damascus March, and Mr. W. F. Robinson sang creditably in the solo quartette to the Liszt number.



Mr. Carl H. Hunter

Whose photo appears above is the latest important acquisition in local musical circles. He recently returned from abroad, where he studied under the eminent master Julius Hey. His "Source Musicale," announced for Tuesday evening next at Conservatory, is to be the programme of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Mortimer Clark. Assisting will be Miss Heloise Keating, harpist and Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist.

the rather humorous and playful "Blind Man's Buff" that they achieved their most outstanding success. The quartette imparted a degree of childlike joyousness into the singing of this number and the audience insisted on its repetition. On the whole the quartette met with a most gratifying reception. Their singing was marked by intelligent phrasing and expression that were not strained, while they sang with truthful intonation and clear enunciation. The assisting artist was Dr. Nicolai, cellist, whose artistic playing of numbers by Popper and Saint-Saens earned deserved recognition. Mrs. Percy Coward and Mrs. Wilson B. Mills acted as accompanists in a highly efficient manner.

The choir of Knox church, Harbord and Spadina, have prepared a very attractive programme for their Service of Praise next Monday evening, April 8, under the direction of Mr. J. Augustine Arlidge, tenor soloist and conductor.

In the April issue of The Canadian Magazine Katherine Hale has the following appreciation of the work and aims of the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, under the captaincy of Mr. J. Augustine Arlidge, tenor soloist and conductor. The choir of Knox church, Harbord and Spadina, have prepared a very attractive programme for their Service of Praise next Monday evening, April 8, under the direction of Mr. J. Augustine Arlidge, tenor soloist and conductor.

great composers which an efficient orchestra alone can give, our place among the musical nations of the world will become a thing of possibility indeed.

Josef Hofmann and Fritz Kreisler are established favorites with the concert goers of this city. Their appearances in this city have left everlasting impressions, and they were each accorded an ovation by the public. Hofmann is free from all the fripperies of foible which some pianists affect and there is something straightforward and wholesome about him that makes itself felt at once. He is not adduced to any of the personal peculiarities of some of his colleagues. No word less strong than "genius" will do justice to Kreisler's playing. All who have heard Kreisler know that before everything else he is a musician. An eventful evening for the musical public will be the occasion of the joint recital of these two great artists in Massey Hall on Monday week, April 13.

A good programme was rendered at the Toronto College of Music, on Thursday, March 26, at eight o'clock, by the piano pupils of Miss Gertrude Anderson, A.T.Coll.M. The names of those who took part are: Murray Adams, Violet Richardson, Mrs. Mitchell, Edith Marshall, Albert Fall, Muriel Millward, Mae Hewitt, Mabel Sawyer, Evelyn Clarke, Marguerite Waddell, Allyne Clarke, Edna Hayes, Will Poyns, Firenze Gilray, Lizzie Chapman, Ida Corbridge, Pearl Ramsey and Jessie Penny (pupil of Miss Muriel Anderson). Interesting additions to the programme were the violin numbers played by Hazel Byram (pupil of Miss Ruby Jones) and the readings by Edna Shepard (pupil of Mrs.

Elgar's magnificent secular work, "Caractacus," the most comprehensive and brilliant of the composer's non-sacred compositions, has been chosen by Mr. Vogt for performance at next season's Mendelssohn Concerts. "Caractacus" created a profound impression when first produced at the Leeds Festival some years ago and was proclaimed by leading London critics as the most splendid example of British music which had up to that time appeared. There is a wealth of melody in the work, throughout, and a barbaric grandeur in some of the movements, particularly in the Roman triumphal march, which several London critics declared were worthy of Berlioz or Wagner. This remarkable work, which is for chorus, soloists and orchestra, of thrilling interest in the masterly treatment of the text by Elgar, will prove to be one of the most telling productions ever undertaken by the Mendelssohn Choir.

Mme. Albani has decided to join the ranks of famous singers who have become teachers. A London journal remarks: "It may not be generally known by the way, that the popular notion that Mme. Albani derived her *nom de theatre* from Albany, in New York State, is quite erroneous: It was chosen for her by Lamperti, after a famous Italian family. The good people of Albany, however, jumped at once at the other idea, and Mme. Albani never had the heart to undeceive them."

The regular season at Covent Garden will begin on April 30 and end July 30. The list of singers engaged includes Nellie Melba, Luisa Tetrazzini, Emmy Destinn, Ellen Gulbranson, Edyth Walker, Maria Gay, Louise Kirby-Lunn, Mme. Ruschendorf, Alessandro Bonci, Mario Sammarco, Heinrich Knotz, Anton Scotti, Paul Knapur, Clarence Whitehill, Marcel Journe, John McCormack, Anton Van Rooy, and the two German tenors, Jorg and Cornelius, who made a big success there last year. There will be three conductors.

A very rare and valuable collection of Art Goods, formerly the property of the late Dr. Oronhyatekha, will be sold without reserve by Messrs. Chas. M. Henderson & Co., 87-89 King street east, Thursday, April 9, at 11 o'clock, at their warerooms.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

### ANECDOTAL



M. GEORGE WEIR, an English actor, in his early days, appeared one night in the role of "Hamlet" in an improvised theatre at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, and suffered much embarrassment from the demonstrative attentions of an enthusiastic former schoolfellow, who sat in the front of the tent and kept up a running comment on the performance.

"That be Gargy Weir," exclaimed the admirer; "I knows Gargy! I used to go to school along wif he."

After many expostulations the interrupter was turned out, and all went well until the audience was hushed to deadly silence while Hamlet was going through his soliloquy. Then suddenly a still, small voice came cheerfully from the back row of seats: "Garge! I be in again!"

KIM KYONG SYOP is a big, strapping fellow, energetic in body and zealous in spirit, who is engaged in selling the Scriptures in Corea.

Five years ago he was worshipping evil spirits, says a missionary who sends home the story to the British and Foreign Bible Society. For seven years he sacrificed a cow to them each year. When Kim became a Christian he cleared out of his house and premises twenty-seven "devils' nests" made of paper and old rags.

On the ball of each thumb Kim has a black spot, and the missionary asked him if they were tattooed.

"Yes," said Kim, "I did that when I vowed to give up strong drink—so that if ever again I raised a glass of liquor to my mouth in either hand I should see that spot and remember my vow."

A YOUNG Scotch emigrant was brought before the magistrate of a Nova Scotia court, charged with having deserted his work on a certain farm without giving due notice to his employer.

When asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied: "Weel, they gred me nou but brakeshaw to eat." Brakeshaw, it may be explained, is the flesh of animals which have died a natural death.

"How was that?" asked the magistrate.

"Weel, it was this way. Ye ken, the auld coo deed an' we ate it, the auld steg (gander) deed an' we ate it, the auld soot (sow) deed an' we ate it, the auld bubblejock deed an' we ate it. Then the auld woman deed—an' I left."

**N**OEL WILLIAMS relates that a friend of mine happened to be in Sligo Cathedral on an occasion when the Catholic Bishop was hearing confessions. Now, in the Catholic Church there are cases of conscience called "reserved cases"—cases of sins, in fact, too heinous for absolution by a less authority than a bishop's.

A lady clothed in purple and fine linen and clothed also in a very different spirit from that of the penitent Madame de Mailly, was elbowing her way insolently through the crowd of poor people when an old beggar woman shouted after her: "Ah, thin, now, ma'am, do ye think nobody's got a reserved case but yourself?"

"I take put on glave—glave of my dien," said the Chinaman.

"Ho! ho!" laughed the sailor, "and when do you expect your friend to come up and eat it?"

John was silent a moment and then replied, "All time samee your filen' come up and smelle your flowers."

**O**N the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the British House of Commons recently, Mr. John Burns had a conversation with his Royal Highness, and afterwards Mr. "Willie" Redmond approached the President of the Local Government Board.

"You seem on good terms with the Prince," he remarked. "Do you think you could persuade his Royal Highness to smoke an Irish cigar?"

"Sir," Mr. Burns replied, "it is the duty of his Majesty's Ministers to protect the heir-apparent from attempted assassination."

**O**CTAVE THANET tells a story of an old darky in Florida who was anxious to learn to read, so that he could read the Bible. He said that if he could read the Bible he would want nothing else. A friend of the narrator taught him to read, says the Indianapolis News. Some time afterward she visited his cabin and asked his wife how his Bible reading was getting on.

"Laws, Miss Fanny," said this person, "he jus' suttinly kin read fine. He's done got outen de Bible an' into de newspapers."

**R**ECENTLY two important anniversaries were celebrated in the same week by a Royal lady, well known and greatly respected in Canada. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was born on March 13, 1848, and married on March 21, 1871.

All Queen Victoria's daughters were clever, but Princess Louise perhaps excelled most. Art in all forms is her hobby, and various public statues denote her ability as a sculptor. Like her niece, the Princess Royal, Princess Louise leads, as far as possible, the life of a peeress rather than that of Royalty. The following story is being told in England:

The doctor jumped in, and the parson drove off. The horse did go well, in the sense of speed, but in a little while it began to behave badly, and ended by tipping over the carriage and spilling out both the occupants.

The doctor jumped to his feet, and felt himself all over to see if he was injured. The parson also got to his feet.

"Look here," exclaimed the doctor, "what do you mean by inviting me to ride behind a horse like that?"

"Well, you see," gasped the parson, "luckily this time there are no bones broken, but I always like to have a doctor with me when I drive that horse."

The shopman's dismay can be pictured.

**S**IR OLIVER LODGE is fond of golf and belongs to two golf clubs. He learned the game thirty years ago on the golfers' classic ground, St. Andrews. While still a neophyte Professor Tait advised him one day: "You don't play golf with your muscles; you play with your morals."

"But I hope," said Sir Oliver in telling the story, "nobody will consider my morals as bad as my golf."

**S**OME years since, says an English writer, I was lunching in the company of an old lady of eighty-five who was allowed by her doctor only the meagre fare of a stewed apple. When I was asked which of the many dainties wherewith the table was embarrassingly spread I should like, I answered:

"A stewed apple; but of course Mrs. — has chosen the choicest delicacy for herself."

She rejoined in a moment: "The only case in which an apple was divided between the sexes, Mr. —, was not auspicious!"

**A** CLERGYMAN, who was holding a children's service at a continental winter resort, had occasion to catechize his hearers on the parable of the Unjust Steward.

"What is a steward?" he asked.

A little boy, who had arrived from England a few days before, held up his hand. "He is a man, sir," he replied, with a reminiscent look on his face, "who brings you a basin."

**C**CHARLES MATHEWS, the famous actor, one day previous to the period of his publicly-proclaimed dire bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The walnuts were washed down by some rare sherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money."

"It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug.

"You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested.

"Oh, no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond street!"

"But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment.

"I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

**Y**OU had a reporter at the W... men's Club meeting to-day," said the large woman, "and I'm here to protest against your mentioning my name in connection with it."

"I see," replied the editor. "You don't like notoriety, madam?"

"No. I must ask you not to mention my name. Here is my card. The name is spelt 'Smyth,' not 'Smith,' remember."

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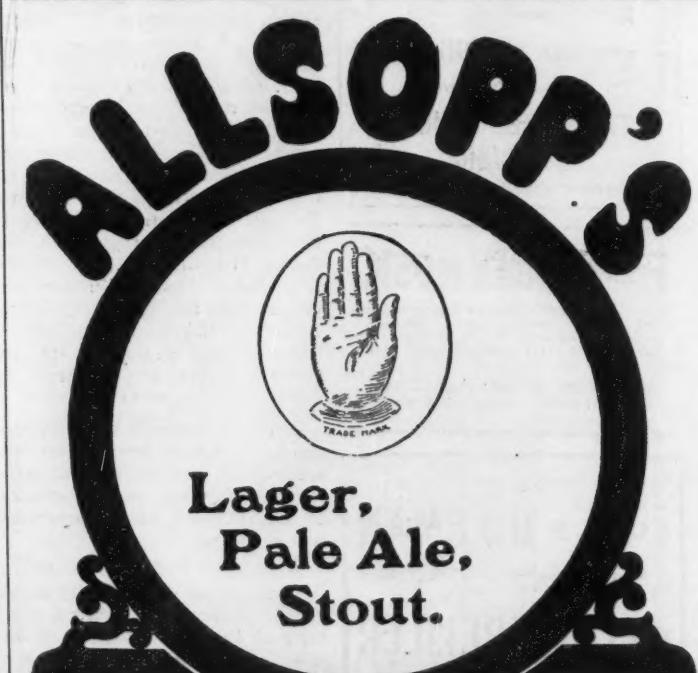


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## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ADY KIRKPATRICK, of Closeburn, returned from England early in the week, and is busy packing up her household goods for storage, as she has rented Closeburn for five years. She will return to England next month, to be near her son, Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick, who is with his regiment. The Government has the lease of Closeburn, which will be used as a military headquarters, as I some weeks ago mentioned was probable.

Brigadier-General Otter was the guest of honor at a very fine dinner at the National Club on Monday night.

The marriage of Miss Marie Gladys Patriarche, youngest daughter of Mrs. Wm. Heath Patriarche, and Mr. Claude LeRoy Post, of New York, took place in Grace church, New York, on March 7. The news of this marriage reached Toronto early this week.

Mrs. Falconbridge and Mrs. Anglin paid a flying weekend visit to Buffalo (where Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller were playing "The Great Divide," and attended the Saturday matinee).

An open class in the gymnastic work of the women's athletic associations in connection with University and Victoria Colleges was held on Monday evening in the 'Varsity gymnasium. The affair was under the auspices of the Faculty of Toronto University, and the galleries were crowded with students and their friends. The programme, which was under the direction of Miss Wreyford, who has charge of the women's physical work at 'Varsity, comprised well-executed movements in Swedish, dumb bell and club drills, marching tactics and quaint folk dances. This was followed by an interesting display of fencing under direction of Sergt. Williams. The closing feature was a closely contested game of "captain" ball by teams representing University College and Victoria. Principal Hutton, in speaking of the great importance he attached to students devoting time to physical development, dwelt on the disadvantage on these lines the women students were under compared with the men, whereas the spacious and well fitted gym they were in to-night was crowded each day by the men, all the provision at present for the women consisted of an upper room of the main building, no further provision being possible at present. From lack of funds these conditions were responsible for the comparatively little time devoted to physical work by the women students, a fact Miss Wreyford had referred to in introducing the work.

One of the engagements of which I spoke a fortnight ago was announced early this week. *Les fiancés* are Miss Evelyn Adela Kerr, youngest daughter of Hon. Senator Kerr, of Rathnelly, and Mr. William Harty, son of Hon. William Harty, of Kingston.

Colonel and Mrs. Greville-Harston invited a number of ladies to meet at the Strolling Players' studio on Tuesday at four, and after tea was nicely served to over fifty guests, Colonel Harston asked for the attention of the ladies while he laid before them their duty in the matter of assisting, by a vigorous sale of tickets, the committee in charge of the assault-at-arms to be given this month in Massey Hall, in aid of the fund being raised to send a fitting representation of Canadian athletes to the Olympic cycle of games and sports to be held in England this summer. Colonel Hanbury Williams is the treasurer of the fund, and is greatly interested in its object, and His Excellency has promised to attend the assault-at-arms, if he is in Canada at its date, and to bring his daughter, Lady Sybil Grey, with him. Colonel Harston pointed out that Ottawa ladies and Hamilton ladies had already won great success and filled both opera houses to the limit for the entertainments already given in aid of the above fund. He remarked that Toronto ladies would never allow themselves to be outdone in an affair of this kind, and judging by the numbers of ladies who crowded about the secretary asking for tickets, I don't think they have any intention of playing second fiddle to the capital or the Ambitious City. It was remarkable how many beautiful girls attended the meeting on Tuesday, and there was quite a ripple of excitement when Colonel Harston announced that the lady whose sale led would be presented by the club with a very handsome gold bracelet, bearing the flag of the Argos and specially made for the purpose. There will naturally be a strong competition for so fine a prize. Tickets may be had from the secretary.

Miss McGill, who has been the invaluable secretary of the Strolling Players' Club for some years, is shortly leaving to take a much more responsible position in Havergal Hall. Everyone will miss her bright clever face and friendly smile at the cosy club rooms, and regrets are many that she has decided to enter a larger field of work. A good secretary is the backbone of a club, and Miss McGill possesses the qualities of which the best are made.

The Woman's Art Association owe a good deal of gratitude to the clever people who, under the management of Douglas Paterson, put up so excellent a evening's entertainment on Friday, March 27, in Massey Hall. The Yeat's play, dealing with a fragment of the story of Dierdre, was ushered in by delicate sounds of harp music, and the hall being totally darkened, the curtain rose on the interior of a "rest-house," with open side, through which a fascinating view of Irish hills, winding river and sunset skies was seen. Three singing women, with their ancient harps, sat about a huge brazier glowing with heat, and chanted, verse about, their old Irish song. Miss Brenda Smillie, the head singing woman, whose tall stately figure and classically beautiful face suited the costume and part perfectly, sang even better than her two fellow-vocalists, Miss Margaret L. Shepherd and Miss Laura Hughes, who ably performed their part. Miss Evelyn Bliss was Dierdre, not the maid of the saga, but nevertheless very capable and throwing herself nobly into her role. Mr. Pigott played Naisi, the hero of the Red Branch, and Mr. Paterson took the part of the treacherous king of Ulla. J. Harry Smith filled the important role of honest and trusting Fergus, and Mr. W. Dignam was the Messenger. Everyone played with earnestness and a full sense of the meaning of the sombre play, and from time to time Miss Heloise Keating's masterly harp-playing gave a truly old time Celtic touch. The leap from old Irish mystery to modern French comedy was worthy of Leap Year. In the Money Spinner, two very excellent character sketches were Mr. Paterson's Baron Croodle, a brandy-soaked, clever, impudent old gambler, and Mr. W. P. Woods' Jules Faubert, which was most artistic. Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne was a complex sort of character, but she gave a very good half hour to appreciative friends when she went back under temptation to her

crooked card-playing, learned under her wicked papa, Baron Croodle. She merged herself in her part in very un-amateurish fashion. Dorinda Croodle, the vulgar French girl, sister of Millicent, the Money-spinner, was a very American sort of French, and it was difficult to imagine even such a pronounced duffer as Lord Kengusie putting her at the head of his table. Mrs. Arthur played Margot, the French bonne, in Cranford side-curls and a very English cap. But her manner and vim would have carried conviction if she had chosen a sunbonnet as a head-piece. If there could be a veneer of French arranged for Margot and Clorinda, the players might as well enter for the Governor-General's trophy next year. Mr. Ernest R. Paterson made a very nice husband for the Money-spinner, but didn't look half the foolish person the play represents him to be. Everyone had flowers, very beautiful ones, presented as the curtain went down, and the last of the audience left Massey Hall at the witching hour of twelve.

The Commercial Lodge, S.O.E., held their annual banquet on the evening of March 27. The Orpheus Male Quartette delighted the company, and were assisted by Messrs. Bert Harvey and Cameron in songs and recitations.

Mrs. James Grayson Smith received on Thursday and yesterday for the first time since her marriage at her home, 173 Lowther avenue.

The marriage of Miss Hazel Ford, grand-daughter of Mrs. Rutherford, of Northfield, and Mr. Oscar McGaw, will be celebrated on April 22, in St. Luke's church.

The marriage of Miss Marion Jean Fleming, only child of Dr. David G. Flenning, of Chatham, and Mr. Herbert S. Loudon, will take place on Wednesday week, April 15, at half-past two o'clock, in the First Presbyterian church, Chatham, Ont., and the ceremony will be followed by a reception and *déjeuner* at Hotel Garner. Mr. Loudon is a former resident of Toronto, whose many friends will wish him and Miss Fleming, who passed her school days here and has since made frequent visits to Toronto friends, the happiest of lives. Mr. Loudon is now manager of the Standard Bank at Strathroy.

Dr. and Mrs. Warren are at 53 Chicora avenue until they leave in May for their charming summer home in Paradise Park, Niagara-on-the-Lake. They very kindly gave up their unexpired tenancy of Closeburn that Lady Kirkpatrick might pack up her effects and have the house empty for the occupancy of General Cotton and his staff at once.

Miss Brouse and her niece, Miss Marjory Brouse, are home from New York. Mrs. and Miss Ruttan, of Port Arthur, are at the Priory, visiting Mrs. William Armstrong. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher are back from the States.

There was a large and representative audience at the amateur performance in Massey Hall on March 27. The Misses Mortimer Clark, Captain Douglas Young, Mrs. and Miss Madge Davidson, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnstone, Mrs. Jack Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Brick Francis, Mrs. G. P. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Willison, Dr. and Mrs. Alton H. Garrett, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. and the Misses Heintzman of Tannenheim, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Bruce, Mr. Hawes, Mr. G. R. Sweeny, Mrs. Tom Clark, were a few of those present.

The opening of the English Inn tea and lunch rooms last Saturday was, in spite of the "muddy" weather, a most gratifying success. The place was besieged by crowds of ladies and gentlemen, and many were obliged to leave before they could be accommodated. The decorations of the rooms were much admired, in the large room the tables were centred with daffodils and ferns, and in the charming east room marguerites were the flowers. The waitresses wear white dresses, and the most fetching white-winged caps, and are daily becoming more expert. Luncheon and tea at the English Inn are the thing these dull days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Westgate of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gardner, Mr. N. A. Howie of Toronto, Mrs. Chas. and Miss C. Mackenzie of Sarnia, Mr. James and Miss Helen Tasker, Mrs. Jos. Baillie, Miss Isabella Baillie, and Dr. Gurd of Montreal, Mr. T. Foster Hare and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. I. Woodland of Toronto, are spending a few weeks at Haddon Hall, Atlantic City.

Mrs. Blight arranged a very good final programme last Saturday for the wind-up of the ante-Easter season of the Strolling Players' Club, and on the same afternoon Miss McGill was made the recipient of a purse of gold from the gentleman members, and a gold bracelet from the lady members of the club.

Rev. Oswald Rigby will be the lecturer at Trinity College this afternoon, and his subject will be Charlotte Bronte. No writer has ever surprised her readers by her personality as did the timid little mouse from the country rectory, whose strong, vivid and dramatic stories had prepared folk for a woman cast in much stronger and more aggressive lines. Her quaint charm, her keen and brilliant intellect, and her own dear and too short love idyll will never be forgotten by her readers and admirers.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Gordon have left Toronto regretted by all who knew them. Various tokens of regard have been presented to the popular pair by their Toronto friends. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon will take up their residence in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin and the Misses Mackenzie have arrived from Winnipeg. I hear that Mrs. and Miss Katherine Mackenzie are going across the ocean for a short visit, which those who know say will be spent in shopping for a very particular occasion.

Professor Walters, of McGill, delivered a fine lecture on Honore de Balzac at Trinity last Saturday. There was the usual large attendance, and the lecture was much appreciated. Bishop and Mrs. Reeve, the Provost and Dean of Trinity, Mrs. Ernest Wood, Mrs. Robertson, of Culoden; Mr. and Mrs. Kertland, Mr. Ferrar Davidson, Mrs. James George, Mrs. Chadwick of Lannan, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. MacKellar, the Misses MacKellar, Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, were some of those present.

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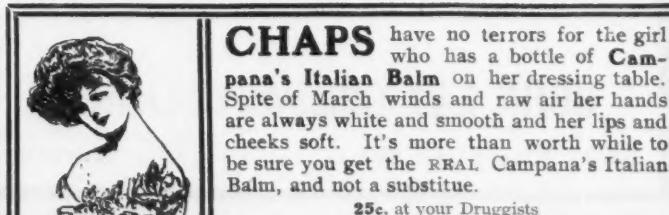
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The GOURLAY-ANGELUS will give an artistic rendering of the most difficult music. Its patented inventions, the MELODANT and PHRASING LEVER, provide for that. The Melodant accents every note of the melody, subduing the accompaniment; the Phrasing Lever gives the operator absolute control of the tempo, every finitesime gradation being possible. The GOURLAY-ANGELUS is the only Canadian piano in which the Melodant or Phrasing Lever is procurable.

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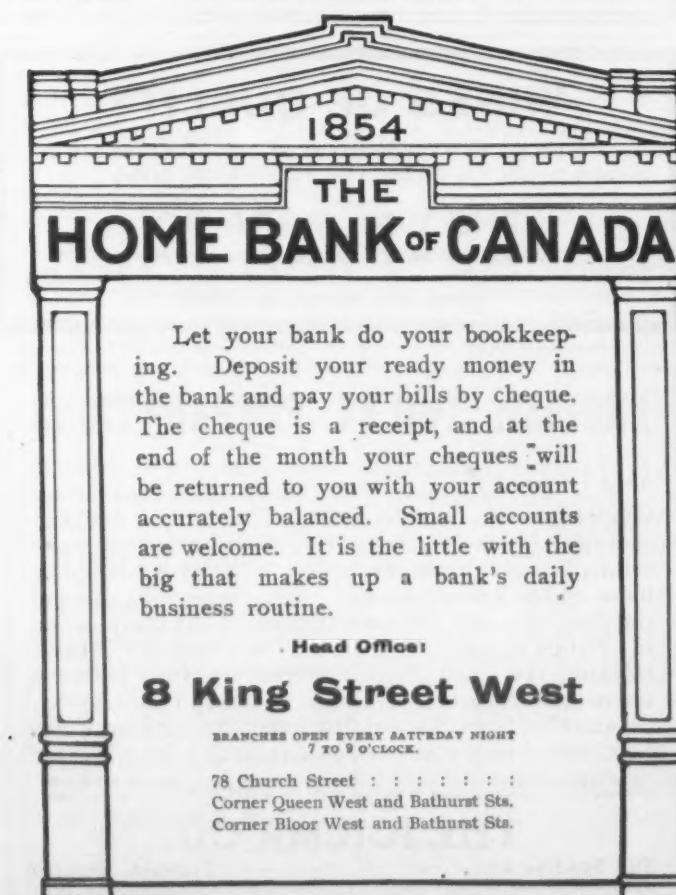
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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

### Social and Personal

On next Thursday Miss Margaret McCormack, youngest daughter of the late Andrew McCormack, and Mr. Charles Wilmott Wright are to be married.

A number of very pleasant dinners, large and small, have been given this week. On Wednesday no less than five of such affairs took guests out in the chilly rain which set in about half-past six. Two of these dinners were followed by bridge, which everyone enjoyed. A number of small bridge parties, sometimes only the intimate "one table," have taken up afternoons and evenings.

Those persons who telephoned invitations to a luncheon at a fashionable restaurant, in the name of a well known leader in social circles, and brought together half a dozen women on Wednesday, would have been gratified had they heard the opinions of their conduct expressed by the victims of their unkind joke. The supposed hostess happened to be out of town and probably will not know until her return of the use made of her name on All Fools' Day. The guests had luncheon all right, but it proved a "Dutch treat."

### AN EXTENSIVE PASSENGER SERVICE

Never before has Canada been provided with a Trans-Atlantic Passenger Service equal to that which will be given by the Allan Line steamers during the St. Lawrence season of 1908.

The steamers on the Montreal-Liverpool (Royal Mail) service will be the Turbiners "Victorian" and "Virginian," the new twin-screw S.S. "Corsican" and the popular "Tunisian," sailing as follows: Corsican, from Montreal, Friday, May 1, 9 a.m., from Quebec, 12 p.m.; Tunisian, from Montreal, Friday, May 8, 9 a.m., from Quebec, 6 p.m.; Tunisian, from Montreal, Friday, May 15, 9 a.m., from Quebec 12 p.m.; Tunisian, from Montreal, Friday, May 22, 6 a.m., from Quebec, 5.30 p.m., and weekly thereafter.

The placing of new steamers on the Montreal-Glasgow service offers an alternative route with accommodation equal to that of the Liverpool steamers "Corsican" and "Tunisian." The "Hesperian" and "Grampian" are each 500 feet long and 10,000 tons register, with up-to-date accommodation for 200 first, 300 second, and a limited number of third-class passengers. The sailings on this route will be as follows: Hesperian, from Montreal, Saturday, May 9, daylight, from Quebec, 3 p.m.; Ionic, from Montreal, Saturday, May 16, daylight, from Quebec, 3 p.m.; Grampian, from Montreal, Saturday, May 23, daylight, from Quebec, 3 p.m.; Pretorian, from Montreal, Saturday, May 30, daylight, from Quebec, 3 p.m., and weekly thereafter.

Steamers will sail from Montreal to London, calling at Havre, France, giving passengers a direct continental service.

The "Corinthian" and "Sicilian" with "Parisian," "Pomeranian" and "Sardinian" will make this a weekly service carrying "one class cabin" passengers at moderate rates.

The choice of routes offered to holders of Allan Line return tickets is only equalled by the combination of the other Trans-Atlantic lines.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### BIRTHS.

FALCONER—At Streetsville, on Monday, March 30, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Falconer, a son. SISSONS—On March 30, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. S. Sissons, Fort Frances, a daughter.

ELDER—At Toronto, April 1, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Elder, a son.

FARMER—On March 23, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Farmer, of the Union Bank of Canada, Frank, Alberta, a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

MORSE-ARNOLDI—At St. Luke's church, Toronto, on March 26, by the Rev. A. G. Hamilton Dicker, A.C.C., Frances Beatrix, second daughter of the late Daniel Telfer Arnoldi, formerly of the 76th Regiment, to Wm. Pitman Morse, eldest son of the late Wm. Mills Morse.

#### DEATHS.

MANUEL—At Whitby, on Saturday, March 28, 1908, William Manuel, a native of Shotts, Lanarkshire, Scotland, aged 33 years and 6 months.

SMITH—On Tuesday, March 31, 1908, 11 p.m., at his late residence, 42 Wellington street south, Hamilton, Ontario, John R. Smith.

WARNER—At Cobourg, on Tuesday, March 31, 1908, Clara Novella Warner, daughter of Mr. Jos. War-

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ROBERTS—Albert Wellington Roberts, of Shelburne, Ont., suddenly, at Seabreeze, Florida, on Saturday, March 28, 1908.

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**Society at the Capital**

THE time of the year has now arrived when the thoughts and energies of the majority of our hostesses are mainly directed toward the arranging of their wardrobes for the long-delayed warmer weather, the annual house-cleaning process and various other matters which spring brings in its train. Hence the "social round" for a time becomes rather neglected, and last week there was a decided lull in the matter of entertainments, even bridge for the time being almost totally ignored. The sterner sex, however, came in for their share of attention and there were several most enjoyable seasonal dinners given in honor of the many senators, members of Parliament and others whose duties at this period of the year demand their sojourn in the Capital.

Hon. William Templeman, Minister of Inland Revenue, on Wednesday was the host of a very well arranged dinner when his guests included Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. R. Dandurand, Hon. L. Melvin Jones, Mayor Keary, of New Westminster, B.C., and the following members of Parliament: Mr. Connem, Mr. W. Galliher, Mr. C. A. McCool, Mr. McIntyre, Mr. Carvell, Mr. A. H. Clarke, Mr. Nicholls, Mr. Robert Jardine, Mr. Beland and Mr. F. G. Vernon, of Victoria, B.C.

Hon. R. F. Sutherland, Speaker of the House of Commons, on Thursday evening "dined" about sixty guests in his apartments in the House, all of them being his fellow-laborers in the Commons and the Senate.

THE large house party at Government House has been quite depleted during the past ten days. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey accompanied by Capt. D. Newton, A.D.C., have gone to Bermuda to spend a few weeks, and left on Thursday for New York en route to that delightful island. Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Williams left on the day previous for Montreal, where they were the guests of Sir Montague and Lady Allan at "Ravenscrag" for a few days. Major and Mrs. St. Aubyn and Miss Sybil Johnston, who have been enjoying some of the Canadian winter as Their Excellencies' guests, sailed for England a week ago, and Hon. Violet Vivian (who is also spending some time in Canada as the guest of their Excellencies) has gone to New York to pay Mrs. John Jacob Astor a visit. Lord Lascelles, A. D. C., has sailed for England where he will remain until next July, returning to Canada in time for the centenary celebration in Quebec.

LADY CARTWRIGHT was the hostess of a delightfully arranged tea on Wednesday, given in special honor of two visitors from Kingston, Mrs. Jock Harty and Miss Mabel Brownfield, who have been the guests of Major and Mrs. Henri Panet for a fortnight. Mrs. Harty, who is the fortunate possessor of a beautiful and well-trained voice, charmed everyone on this occasion by singing several very pretty songs. Lady Cartwright wore a gown of handsome violet brocade with old point lace, and was assisted by her daughters, Miss Cartwright in white silk and Miss Mollie Cartwright in a very becoming gown of pale grey velvet. Miss Muriel Burrows and Miss Edith Powell presided over the tea and coffee urns at a table prettily bedecked with masses of pink carnations and feathery ferns, and they had as assistants, Miss Constance Low, Miss Claire Oliver and Miss Morse.

Another most enjoyable affair given earlier in the week in honor of Mrs. Harty and Miss Brownfield was a tea at which Mrs. Vernon Eaton, a former Kingstonian, entertained. About fifty ladies enjoyed this bright gathering. Exquisite crimson roses were used to decorate the table where Mrs. Henri Panet and Mrs. Arthur Sladen poured tea and chocolate. Mrs. Henri Panet was a third hostess who entertained at the tea hour in honor of these two charming Kingston visitors and her tea on Saturday afternoon was much enjoyed by a bevy of bright guests.

ONE of the bright events of the earlier part of the week was a luncheon to which Mrs. D'Arcy Scott invited the following guests: Lady Laurier, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. M. P. Davis, Mrs. Norman Guthrie, Mrs. H. B. McGiverin, Mrs. Macdonell and Miss McHugh. Yellow daffodils and white sweet peas made a dainty and very effective table decoration.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 30, 1908.

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**Exclusive Millinery For Easter**



THE millinery that we are showing in our salon is the most interesting exhibit ever shown in Toronto, the snappiest and smartest European models and adaptions and also the cleverest conceits from our own expert staff of designers. We are showing some very exclusive models direct from Parisian headquarters, Maison Lewis, Mme. Rolland, Mme. Germaine and other well known Parisian milliners of fashion.

The crowns this season are very much higher and the brims in all cases have a little turn on either one side or the other and in some instances both sides; deeper shades, also, seem to be in demand, old rose instead of pink, Copenhagen blue instead of pale blue, but blue is the predominate color for this season, Copenhagen being the favorite. One of the exclusive French models is made of the finest Milan straw braid, trimmed with a bandeau of shaded rose petals, a long military osprey, with cut-steel buckle mounted on a pompadour rosette of rose leaves. Other models on view in our millinery show-rooms on the second floor, and we suggest, for your own benefit, an early selection, as the imported and typically French models will be quickly picked up.

**W. A. Murray & Co. Limited** 17 to 31 King St. East  
10 to 20 Colborne St. Victoria St. King to Colborne St. **Toronto.**

**NOTICE NO. 1**

When ordering your Bottled Ale, Porter and Lager, do you ask your dealer—"WHERE IS IT BOTTLED?" It is impossible to get pure and uniform Ale if not bottled in an up-to-date plant.

CARLING'S ALE, PORTER AND LAGER are guaranteed to be bottled under expert supervision **ON OUR OWN PREMISES**, every bottle being chemically sterilized by the most up-to-date methods. See that every cork is branded with our name.

Bear this in mind: — "WHERE IS IT BOTTLED?"

**CARLING'S  
ALE, PORTER & LAGER.**



If you want satisfaction in gardening, plant good seeds! Successful gardeners have been planting

**STEELE, BRIGGS SEEDS**

for nearly forty years with sure and satisfactory results, and never any risk.

**TRY OUR—**

**Best Mixture Sweet Peas**

It's a mixture of all the newest and best large flowering sorts. Per 1/4 lb., 30c.; oz., 15c.

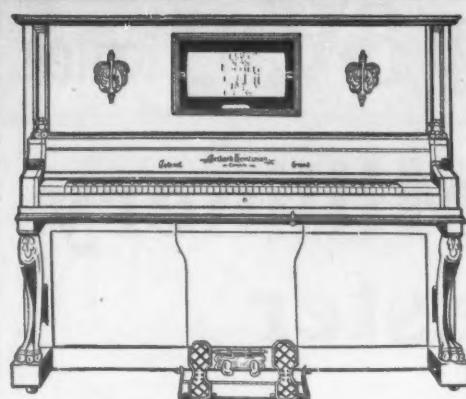
**SOW—**

**Queen City Lawn Grass Seed**

It's cheaper and better than sodding. Per lb., 35c.

**Roses, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Etc.**

**THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited, TORONTO, HAMILTON, WINNIPEG**



Make Yourself a Musician  
in Your Home  
with the  
**"GERHARD HEINTZMAN"  
PLAYER-PIANO**

With it you can play any music, and entertain your friends, as if you were a virtuoso.

It makes owning a fine piano a pleasure, because it enables you to play for yourself with fine pianistic expression.

**The Gerhard Heintzman Player-Piano**

is always ready to be played on in the ordinary way, or by the self-playing device.

It is the only player-piano in the world that plays the whole key-board of the piano (88 notes), and transposes the music to suit any voice or accompanying instrument.

It gives absolute control of the tempo, and the expression buttons allow anyone to play the most difficult music as the masters intended it to be played.

There are other exclusive patented features only to be found in

**The Gerhard Heintzman Player**

the only high-grade player-piano made in Canada.

Full particulars mailed free on application.

Your present instrument taken as part payment.

**GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED**

HAMILTON SALESROOMS:  
Cor. King and Catherine Sts.

97 Yonge St., Toronto



**New Spring Rugs**

EVERY few days, new bales of Rugs are arriving. There are no handsomer, richer, better rugs gathered together anywhere than there are in our big Rug Showrooms. This is the time of the year when we should be doing a very large trade, and in addition to the fine assortment of Rugs, we have made prices attractive, too.

Fine, close-weave Kabistans, sizes 5x4 to 6x4.6, prices from \$25 to \$35.

Fine Kazaks, in excellent patterns, sizes 6x4.6 to 7.8x4.9, prices from \$15 to \$25.

Large, fine Mohair carpets, in royal blue, dark blue and rich crimson grounds, in sizes from 9x12 to 10x14. Special, net prices, from \$150 to \$225.

We ask all who are thinking of re-carpeting or furnishing to see our magnificent collection of reasonably-priced Oriental Rugs.

**Courian, Babayan & Co.**

40 King Street East, Opposite King Edward Hotel

**The Electric Washer**

YOU can now have all your washings done by Electricity. The "1900" Electric Self-Working Washer does the washing—*any* clothes. Any electric light current furnishes the power. You connect the washer just as you put an electric light in the socket. Then to start the was, or you turn on the electricity. The water, and soap, and the motion of the tub do the washing. And your clothes



**30 Days' FREE Trial—Freight Prepaid**

are washed quicker and easier, and more thoroughly and economically than you have ever had washing done before. This washer saves more time than a few months to pay its own cost, and then—it keeps right on saving. If you keep servants, they will stay with you contented, if you have a "1900" Electric Self-Working Washer, on the job. You will not have to dread wash-day drudgery. There won't be any discussion over the size of the washing. Laundry bills will be reduced. Do not expect to pay for this. Let this Electric Washer **SELL ITSELF TO YOU**. We will ship one of these "1900" Electric Self-Working Washers to any responsible party and **pay the freight**. Take this washer and use it for four weeks.

Wash lace with it. Wash your bedsheet, blankets and quilts. Wash rugs. The—if you are not convinced that this washer will sell itself—don't keep it. Just tell us you don't want the washer, and that will settle the matter. We won't charge you anything for the use you have had of it. **It is a *1900* Electric Self-Working Washer** shouldered the drudgery of "Wash-Day"—save your clothes from wear and tear, and keep your servants contented.

Ask for our Washer Book to-day.

Address, **S. M. K. BACH, Manager**

The 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. The above free offer does not apply to Toronto and suburban where special arrangements are made.

Those who have been waiting for genuine new Maple Syrup can get it now—at **Michie's**

Michie & Co., Ltd.

Grocers, Etc., 7 King St. West

Phone—Private Branch Exchange connecting all Departments.

**Get Together.**

SAY, fellers, what's dis dope de evenin' paper shoots, About de bunch of amateur galoots Dat's runnin' sports in dis an' Yankee land? Looks like dey're both a-shovin' lemons in our hand.

One bunch say dey certainly are de simon pure, And all de other side is pro. for sure; Den back de other guys come wid de tip Dat de first gazabes don't get no Olympic trip.

Say, on de level, blokes, dey makes me sore, An' I ain't a-goin' to pike de game no more; An', take it from me, de thing shapes up like dis— Both sides must come together an' get down to biz.

Den when dey has dey're scrap all settled fair, An' each bunch agrees to go in on de square, Dis game of athletics sure will get a boost, Well, ta ta, you muts, I'm trainin', an' here's where I hit de roost.

BILLY B.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE "LAKE OF BAYS" COUNTRY.

A SUMMER PARADISE FOR SUMMER TRAVEL.

A handsome brochure, artistically illustrated, has been issued by the Grand Trunk passenger department, telling of the beauties of the Lake of Bays district, in the "Highlands of Ontario." A new feature of this district is the new hotel—the Wawa—at Norway Point. The hotel itself has a page illustration reflecting the summer glories of woodland and water, with a brood of seven wild geese soaring skyward beyond the tower. The concise description embodies the story of a very charming resort, and there is a preparatory poem by Mr. Cy Warman, who tells that he is off "To the Highlands of Ontario, in the merry berry moon."

"To the Highlands of Ontario, in the merry berry moon,  
To the haunts of Hiawatha that are nigh;

By the Banks of Athabasca, where it's always afternoon,  
I'm waiting for the Wawa to go by."

The very pretty duo tone photo engravings show the beauties of the new fairy land far more effectively than words can do. The illustration on the cover, which is reproduced by tri-chromatic process from an oil painting, is a typical scene in the "Lake of Bays" territory—an Indian on a promontory gazing at the search-light from the lake steamer. A copy can be obtained free on application to J. D. McDonald, D. P. A., Toronto.

He—I hope you won't refuse to go to the theatre with me because you're in mourning. She—No, but don't get tickets for "The Red Mill" or "The Blue Moon."

**John Cotton's Smoking Tobacco**

This famous Mixture, cut and blended by "John Cotton, Limited," Easter Road, Edinburgh, Scotland, is now to be had at our store.

"Mild and Medium Strength"

4 oz. Tin, 75c.; 8 oz. Tin, \$1.50.

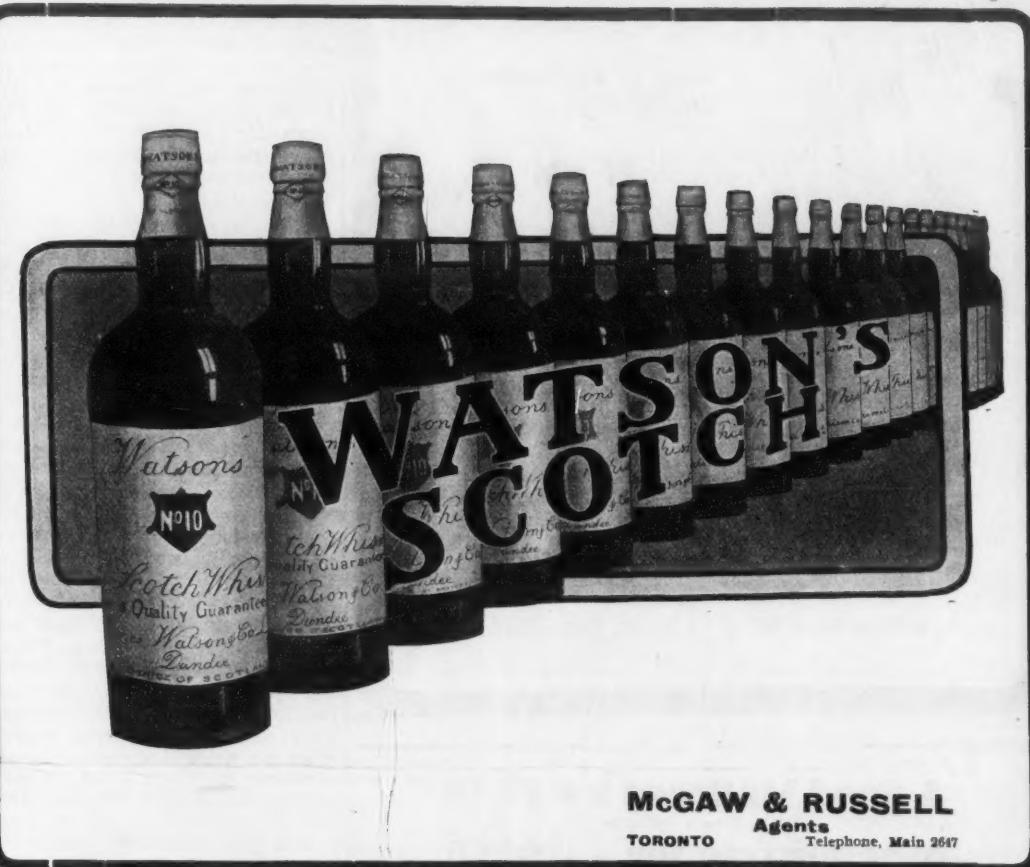
**A. CLUBB & SONS,** "DIRECT IMPORTERS" "TRADE SUPPLIED." 5 King St. West



**"NEROID"**

BLACK AMBER

A NEW MATERIAL FOR PIPE MOUTHPIECES



**McGAW & RUSSELL**  
Agents  
TORONTO Telephone, Main 2647



**SPRING NEEDLE  
RIBBED UNDERWEAR**



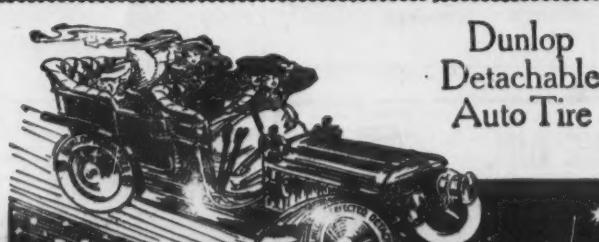
**The Most Violent  
Exercise**



will not stretch ELLIS UNDERWEAR beyond the point of elasticity. So thoroughly elastic is it made, by our Special Spring Needle Process, that you cannot stretch it out of shape. Pull it out as far as it will go, and on being released, it promptly **springs back** to its original form.

Isn't that the kind of Underwear you've been looking for?

**THE ELLIS MFG. CO. LIMITED**  
HAMILTON, ONT.



Dunlop  
Clincher  
Tire

HITCH YOUR WAGON  
To A STAR!



DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS CO., Limited  
ST. JOHN MONTREAL

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